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Accessions

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XG. 3974.43

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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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Received, May, 1873.

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"This is Macclatons No Wit, No Help,
like a Woman's, altered, and printed with a
new title &c." Biogr. Dram. vol. 2. p. 133.

2
THE
Counterfeit Bridegroom:
OR THE
Defeated Widow.

A
COMEDY,

As it is Acted at

His Royal Highness

THE

Duke's Theatre.

Mon.

Licensed Oct. 4th. 1677. ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Langley Curtiss in Goat-Court
upon Ludgate-Hill, 1677.

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General and Special

of the

Defunct Widow

149,535

May, 1873,

Y. C. V. C.

as before

and Special

Duke's Theatre

General and Special

of the

Defunct Widow

149,535

May, 1873,

Y. C. V. C.



PROLOGUE

Spoke by Mrs. Currar.

WHo have we here. fine Sparks, faith Sirs I fear
You'l not be pleas'd with our Vacation Chear ;
Why, what a Devil make you now in Town
I'th' Mall, the Park, and Play-houle Cloaths were shown,
Down, down to th' Countrey, there show the Gay Baboon ;
Cloris, and Celia do expect ye there,
To th' honest Tradesmen leave this time o'th' year,
Who, (while their Wives (good men) are gone to meet
Some of you Sirs i'th' Countrey here can sit
Wonderously pleas'd with our Vacation Treat.

But since against the Rules of Gallantry
Ye keep in Town, faith take your Chance for me ;
Huff, Damn and Swear, if you think good—but then }
Expect a brush fro'th' Trading Gentlemen, }
For 'tis their time t' approve or to Condemn :
You'l say, 'tis hard, you cannot be allow'd
To Judg, and censure with the Common Crowd ;
Nay to be bar'd from damning, swearing too,
When, here, you've hardly little else to do,
Since Vizards are grown scarce:—might I advise,
If you will come, let 't be in some disguise,
With Coat, Short wig, and Colberte in Crevat, }
With greasy Gloves, and the broad flapping hat, }
Then freely ye may give the Play its Fate ;
But if you boldly will Usurp their Right,
And huffing damn the Play out of meer spight,
'Cause it affords not you deboacht delight,
You justly may expect that They will swear
Vacation Pocket 'tis, that keeps you here ; }
And Play at Half a Crown does now prove Dear. }

Millerent Smith

The Persons Names.

By
Sir Oliver Santloe—————Mr. *A. Leigh*.
Peter Santloe——His Son———Mr. *Bowman*.
Mr. *Sanders*—————Mr. *Gilloe*.
Mr. *Noble*———Brother to Mrs. *Hadland*——Mr. *Crosby*.
Mr. *Hadland*—————Mr. *Williams*.
Sir *Gregory Lovemuch*———Mr. *Persivall*.
Mr. *Gazer*——An Astrological old Fool——Mr. *Norris*.
Mr. *Noddy*——A Country Squire——Mr. *John Lee*.
Sam———Sir O. *Santloe's* Man———Mr. *Richards*.
A Dutch Boy.

W O M E N.

Lady *Santloe*—————Mrs. *Norris*.
Clarina—————Mrs. *Gibbs*.
Widow *Landwell*———Mrs. *Osborne*.
Eugenia—————Mrs. *Le-Grand*.
Mrs. *Hadland*—————Mrs. *Currar*.

Musicians, Singers, Dancers——&c.

The SCENE,

L O N D O N.

THE
Counterfeit Bridegroom:
 OR THE
Defeated Widow.

Act the First. Scene the First.

Scene the Street.

Enter Peter Santlow, and Sam.

P. S. **I** Am at my Wits ends, *Sam.*

Sam. Faith Sir, like a kind Friend, I'm following you as fast as I can.

P. S. My Wife will be forc't from me, my pleasure, my delight.

Sam. How shall we help it, Sir, dull, dull dogg as I am, my invention was never so gravell'd since I first set out upon it.

P. S. But this is not all my misery—for I am branded with the breach of Friendship: for *Sanders* do's suspect that I make Love to his Mistress the Widows Neece *Eugenia*; when Heav'n knowes, 'tis my Father that works against the peace of both our spirits, and courts her for me.

Sam. Let him go on, Sir, She'l hardly yield to an Old Man's Courtships, especially when she finds you appear not in it—but Sir, here's Mr. *Sanders* with looks as melancholy and angry as a Looseing Bulley of *Marribone*.

Enter Sanders.

Sand. My treacherous Rival there! draw Sir—

P. S. What means my Friend?—

B

Sand.

Sand. Not a word, but defend thy life.

P. S. I'll dye before I'll draw against the man that I love ;
what reason?—

Sand. Thy Perjuries have blotted out the name of Friend, and out of Cowardise you endeavour to excuse an act, not Heav'n it self can pardon, much less I,—but thus I will repay thy falshood.

[*Runs at him—Sam. steps between.*]

Sam. Hold, hold, Sir,—here's like to be fine work—
Pray hear him first before you kill him, Sir,—upon my life, your anger is in an Error all this while ; for 'tis my young Masters Injury and not yours, you would kill him for—
Come Sir, I must have ye friends, a pox on weapons—
Mr. *Sanders* your hand, Sir,—
Now yours, Sir,—So, so—
Now all's right again: This is
a new way of reconciling Friends, which I learnt the other day among the Town Blades—

Sam. takes Sanders by one hand, and P. S. by t'other, and shakes e'm.

Sand. Th'art a mad Slave.

P. S. Now *Sam*, tell him the Secret, which none knowes but your self and I, and he will confess he has wrong'd the patience of his Friend.

Sam. Be patient then and attend—You must know, Sir, That about Seven Years since my Lady, his Mother, went over to *Flanders*, to coop the Young Chick his Sister in a Nunnery, she then being about Nine Years old ; but on the Road to *Antwerp*, they met Thieves, were robb'd, stript, and parted ; for the Kites convey'd the Young One away, and left the Old one to cackle over her loss.

Sand. Strange accident !

Sam. From which time they were not heard off, till about Three Months since, News came of all had past, in a Letter from the Mother, who was then but in an ill condition at *Colone*, for thither she had wandred to find out her Daughter, but despairing of that, she sent over for Money to bring her home with—My Old Master no sooner heard of the Sum, but told it out, gave it him, and sent us over ; but we unfortunately calling at *Antwerp* by the way, a little Gypsie at an Inn, had so look't her self into his heart, that the Mother was forgot, and he doated so, that he brought her over, and this day marry'd her, but pretends it is his Sister ; for which she now passes with the Old Man.

Sand.

Sand. But how came you off concerning her Mother?

Sam. With a Tale of my own devising, That about 3 Years since she dyed at a little Village within Two Leagues of *Antwerp*.

Sand. Let me admire thee—and withal confess my groundless Jealousie.

P.S. Which thus I pardon—and renew our former friendship— [*They Embrace.*]

Sam. But here's the Devil on't, my Old Master concluding her his Daughter, has found out a Match for her, an Old Rank Fox, one *Gazer*.

Sand. What he that woes by the Almanack? observes the Full and Change oth' Moon, and makes it his business to conform all his actions and designs to the Influence of the Planets?

P.S. The very same, he will not shave his Beard, clip his Nails, nor cut a Corn before he has consulted *Erra Pater*, whether it be a lucky day or no.

Sam. Even he, because the Fool demands no portion—but if my skill fail not, I shall give him the Go-by.

Sand. As how, good *Sam*?

P.S. Honest Rogue say how.

Sam. Thus—when the Fool's cashier'd, as that he shall be, I'll tell my Old Master, that you admire his Daughter, and your Love's so great, that provided you might have her, you'd take her without a farthing——it's no sooner heard, but the bait is swallow'd, you are admitted, and the Match concluded.

P.S. But how will you shift off the Marriage?

Sam. I have a Trick for that too—and each shall have his own—and both being lodg'd in one house, as 'tis his pride to have his Childrens Children got successively, on his forefathers Beds—in the Day time to please the Old Man, ye may dally and print a kiss on the wrong Lip, and no harm in't; for Brothers and Sisters may do't: But for the Night, let each know his own business, and there I'll leave you.

Sand. Honest Rogue, how I applaud thy Witt.

P.S. See, my Father's coming—let us retire——

Sam. About it straight, my Master's time is precious——and let me alone with my Old Master——

Sand. P.S. Exeunt.

Manet

Manet Sam. To him Sir Oliver Santlow.

Sir O. How now Sirrah, does the Love-business go well between the Young Ones?

Sam. Between your Son, and Mrs. *Eugenia* the Line is Even, Sir——

Sir O. And shall I be a Grandfire then?

Sam. Oh questionless, Sir—— but Sir methinks there's no proportion between that Equinoctial and my Young Mistress *Clarina*.

Sir O. You mean *Gazer*: why the better Man, the better.

Sam. How Sir, are you glad there's no proportion in't?

Sir O. Yes marry am I Sir; for I would have you to know, I hate all words that end in portion—for I'll give her nothing.

Sam. Say you should not, Sir, as I'll ne'er urge your Worship against your Nature—— is there no Gentleman (think you) of Worth and Credit, that will not open his Bed to warm a plump, handsome, charming naked Lady? believe me, Sir, there are Thousands in this Town wou'd be glad of such Service; nay, and wou'd give Money rather than not be so employ'd.

Sir O. Say you so? then they shall give me money for my Girl, or they shall go without her.

Sam. Yes, they do give, keep, and treat, but not marry Sir, which I suppose you are for.

Sir O. For quoth I? my Daughter shan't be a Whore, no not to get money, which is the best plea the Jades of the Town have for their lewdness, and in troth I love wealth so, that in my conscience had I bin a Maid, I had turn'd Strumpet nearly for money sake.

Sam. A Smiting one 'yfaith —— but Sir methinks there's a great inequality in years—— Mr. *Gazer* is too old in conscience for my young Mistress.

Sir O. You lye Sirrah—— he is but fifty five years of discretion, and will make a Staid Husband.

Sam. As tame as a Drone that has lost his sting—— but Sir, under correction, I fear he is past getting of Children, which young Women love extreamly. and I should be loath my young Mistress should lye fallow before she has yielded fruit.

Sir O. Sarrah do not provoke me to wrath—— not he get Children, when 'tis well known that a tough old Fox of Three-score

score and Nine got a Girl of ten with Child — but however should he prove impotent, it would be the better I say still.

Sam. Would you not be a Grandfather by your Daughter, Sir?

Sir O. No Sir — my Son will make me that, and should my Daughter too, 'twould undoe me, double charges *Sam.* double charges.

Sam. Then I know a young Gentleman, between you and I Sir, as impotent as an *Eunuch*, that has all the passions of Love, but incapable of Action ; besides he has a great Estate.

Sir O. How say you? a rich *Eunuch*? what a blessings that! and is he in Love with my Girl! blessing on blessing — name him, honest Varlet, who is it?

Sam. Mr. *Sanders*, Sir.

Sir O. How, Mr. *Sanders*? — why Sirrah, had not he last Session a Bastard laid to his Charge, for which he was fined twenty Pounds.

Sam. True Sir, but 'twas his Footmans Bastard, which he only Fathered, for his credit ; the case of many Blades now a days to keep up reputation.

Sir O. But he'll have a portion too.

Sam. To my knowledge not, Sir ; alas he has a vast Estate already, which he intends to settle on your Daughter, and then Sir when he dyes 'twill all come to your Family.

Sir O. Art sure of that?

Sam. He told me so himself Sir, and said likewise, he would leave all to your Discretion.

Sir O. Nay then it's my own, and the Devil a penny he gets of me.

Sam. Sir shall I fetch him, ere it be too late ; for he's so raving Mad, that shortly he'll either be in *Bedlam*, or break his neck off some Steeple.

Sir O. Now bless the young mans gristles, I should be loath to loose such an Estate, and see a begging Courtier go away with what might have been mine — therefore prithee find him out that I may pronounce words of consolation to him — before he be past all recovery ; for I would not loose the blessing of an *Eunuch* Husband for my Daughter, for the World. —

Sam. But Sir you'll send the Gull, the weathercock going First?

Sir O. Presently, instantly, my Daughter shall not be his *Ephemeris*, since I can Prognosticate a happier Fortune for my Girl; prithee *Sam*, about it man, and bring *Mr. Sanders* to me —

Sam. But Sir, take no notice for the World, that he is an *Eunuch*. —

Sir O. Not a word, begon, begon man — [*Sam. Exit.*]

Enter Gazer.

Gaz. Let me see, let me see, what comfort gives my Almanack to day —
 Luck I beseech thee, good dayes evil dayes, *June, July, August*,
 speak a word for me now, the Girl's my own; let me see the
 Eighth day between Hawk and Buzzard, (I remember I was
 drunk then) the Ninth day on a slippery pin, the Tenth day
 the Markets marr'd, the Eleventh day against the hare —
 against the hare! a pox on the hare, wou'd it had bin left out,
 had it been against any thing but the hare, I had not valued it —
 however I'll try the fortune of a good face, tho my Almanack
 leaves me in the Sudds.

Sir O. *Mr. Sanders* and an Eunuch too! — well, 'tis a prodigious Match! nay I thought I should have good luck to day, because I rise with my butt end formost this morning as they say.

Gaz. Oh here's my Father-in-Law that must be, *Sir Oliver* your most dutiful Son-in-law and Servant.

Sir O. An Eunuch! by Gogmagog he's happier then all the Whoring Gallants of the Town.

Gaz. How? an Eunuch! I scorn your words, Sir, 'tis well known I have three chopping Bastards at Nurse — but, *Sir Oliver* — *Sir Oliver Santloe* —

Sir O. Oh, *Mr. Moon-Calf*, are you there? prithee depart, for I am very busie at present —

Gaz. When shall I wait on you then, Sir? —

Sir O. Why, let me see, about a quarter of a year hence —

Gaz. A quarter of a year hence? what shall I come in *September* or *October*?

Sir O. No Sir, nor in *November* neither, good my Friend —

Gaz. You are not mad, Knight? you will not let your Daughter hang past *August*, will you? if Sir you do, she'll soon drop under the Tree, for she's no winter fruit I'll assure you —

Sir O.

Sir O. By Gog and Magog 'tis no matter for that, my daughter is not fruit for your tooth—— therefore be not impertinent, but march off——

Gaz. Your Promise is past——

Sir O. A fart for Promises—— I tell you y'are troublesome—— what think you I'll marry my daughter to a Planter of the Skyes, pray what Settlement will you make, of the 12 Planets, and once a year they march out of your Lordship; I'll not bestow my daughter on one who can make no Joynture, but of Castles in the Air——

Gaz. But I have an Estate——

Sir O. For ought I know 'tis one by Conjurati^on, and the Charm may be out if you dye, and when my Girl thinks she's on substantial Land, may find her self in the midst of an *Irish* Bogg—— in short, Sir—— you shall have none of my daughter——

Gaz. Then may the Devil choak ye with Money, and may a Fidler run away with your daughter, not have your daughter? a Pox on your daughter. Adieu, Sir; now for my Widow, I'll never leave an open hearted Widow for a narrow ey'd Maid agen: go out of the Road-way like an Ass to leap over Hedge and Ditch—— I'll fall into the beaten Road agen, and invite the Widow home to a Banquet and make amends for my neglect of not waiting on her yesterday——

My Almanack told me true, how I shou'd fare:

Let no man think to speed against the Hair. [Exit.

Sir O. So, he's gone, may all the Stars by whatsoever Titles they are dignified and distinguish'd look askew upon all his Enterprises——

Oh lucky Rogue, ha'ye brought Mr. *Sanders*—— he looks so sad, he grieves my very Soul, poor Fool——

Enter Sanders and Sam.

Sam. Sir, there's the old Gudgeon, now catch him neatly and your business is done.

Sir O. Oh, Mr. *Sanders*, what you are in love it seems; One might guess by your hanging look you are possess'd with that troublesome spirit——

Sand. I am so, Sir——

Sir O. For my daughter——

Sand.

Sand. True, Sir ———

Sir O. And you'd kill your self for her ———

Sand. My Life will be a burden if I have her not ———

Sir O. In good time, Sir ——— but then you expect no Portion ?

Sand. Something by which you do acknowledge her your daughter, Sir ———

Sir O. Acknowledge her your daughter ! what a wheedling Phrase was that to get Money ——— but 'twont do ——— in a word, Sir, if you like, love, and will marry my Girl without a Portion so, if not ——— Lord have mercy upon you, and so go hang your self.

Sam. How dexterously he wheedles himself into the noose.

[*Aside.*

Sand. But, Sir, if you'll bestow no Portion, you'll give her Cloaths and Wedding-dinner ———

Sir O. Yes that I will, Sir, and more ; you shall board in my House *gratis* for three Years, if that will do : look out no further, for I'll reprieve you from your grinning destiny ———

Sand. Then thus I joyfully return my acknowledgments for your kind compliance, and admire your judgment and discretion, for a Woman's Virtue is the richest Dower she can possess ———

Sir O. Now I love thee for thy wisdom, rise, rise, and a Blessing on you both ———

Enter Young Santlow.

How now Son, whither so fast ———

P. S. To visit my Mistris, Mr. *Sunset's* daughter, Sir ———

Sir O. A good Boy ——— ply it hard both of ye ; these young Sluts are as skittish as unbackt Colts ——— Do ye hear, agree't so soon as possible, and one day, one dinner shall serve for both.

[*P. S. and Sand. Exeunt.*

How soon my Joyes for my Girles good Fortune have drown'd the Sorrow for my Wife's Loss ——— well 'twas a good Soul ——— but why should I grieve, since I enjoy her Picture in my daughter ———

Enter

Enter Boy.

How now, the News with you, Sirrah——

Boy. A *Dutch* Merchant, Sir, desires to speak with you ——

Sir O. With me? what shou'd his business be to——I have a Cousin in *Holland*, perhaps some News from him, the old business, some Firkins of Butter with Counterfeit Farthings, but tho the gain may be great, yet by *Gog Magog* I'll be no Trayter I, so I'll roundly tell him—— [Sir O. Boy, *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Hadland with a Letter. Sir Gregory Lovemuch disguis'd like a Porter.

Mrs. Hadl. Well I must be reveng'd on this impertinent Leacher, he will not be repuls'd, yet in spite of poverty and all its curst attendance of Calamities, I'll keep my Virtue still, and my pretious Sir, the Goat, will appear under the Ass's skin—— [aside.

Sir G. L. Thus far I am prosperous, Love, if it be thy will make her comply: Poverty! thou blest Bawd of Love, confute her sullen Virtue, make her yield, and then I'm happy—— [aside.

Now, Madam, what answer shall I give to the Worshipful Knight that sent me?

Mrs. H. I'll comply seemingly till I have an opportunity to be reveng'd for his unlawful Sollicitations. [aside.

Friend, you may tell Sir Gregory, That the small Favour which in his Letter he requests was no sooner read but granted ——

Sir G. L. Oh divine Beauty! let me embrace my Treasure—— [Discovers himself.

Mrs. H. Sir Gregory Lovemuch in the Habit of a Porter, it amazes me.

Sir G. L. Oh Madam, Love, Love has a thousand ways to discover it self and its Deity—— and this was mine—— speak, Madam, and with the harmonious sound make me all rapture, new create me Young, say, shall I enjoy that mighty Blessing I have so long toyl'd and labour'd for?

Mrs. H. I will consider further of it, Sir——

Sir G. L. Oh dally not with time, my fair, let us now improve

prove this blest time of your Husband's absence—I met him at the Temple, I suppose—gone to his Lawyer's Chamber—

Mrs. *H.* Very right Sir——

Sir *G. L.* Shall we, shall we withdraw then to your Chamber?——fair one?

Mrs. *H.* And wrong my Husband, and the Widow whom you are about to Marry? 'twoud be unkindly done of me——

Sir *G. L.* I marry her Wealth, not Person——when I've the Blessing of her Estate, it shall be at your Command, I marry her only to supply my Purse.

Mrs. *H.* I must confess 'twill be a home revenge upon her, for she now enjoys my Estate, which her Husband by Knaveish practises, couzen'd my Father of just before he dyed——

Sir *G. L.* That's my design to force her make a restitution of your Estate; for all, all she has you shall be sole Commandress of——

Mrs. *H.* Your Promises are great——

Sir *G. L.* The performance too shall be so, her golden showers shall fall into your lap, and one kiss shall ransom inestimable Jewels from their imprisonment of her Cabinet; come, come, my sweet, let me partake of the boundless blifs of Love.

Mrs. *H.* Let me a while consider Sir——

Sir *G. L.* Time enough to consider when we have tasted of Love's pleasing banquet, and this minute lost may be ominous for the future.——

Mrs. *H.* I ask but one days time, Sir *Gregory* then, let the rest be yours.

Sir *G. L.* Happy, happy I, 'tis granted Madam; one kiss, my Dear, and then I'm gone——

Oh how divinely does she kiss! [kiss her.]

So great a gift must be thus rewarded—— [Aside.]

Mr. *H.* Within Wife, Sweet heart, where are you? [Gives her a Ring.]

Mrs. *H.* Oh Heav'ns, Sir *Gregory*, my Husband! should he find you here?——

Sir *G. L.* Fear nothing, Madam, the Devil can't know me in this disguise.

Mrs. *H.* He's come as I cou'd wish—— Sir *Gregory*, let me prevail with you to step into my Closet; for thou'd he come
and

and see you here, I am so young a Sinner, my guilt wou'd quickly betray me.

Sir G. Do with me what you please—I wish I were well off.—

[She locks Sir G. into a Closet.]

Enter Mr. Hadland.

Mrs. H. Now, my Dear, what comfort does the Law afford, shall we recover our lost Estate, or are we doom'd to eternal Poverty?

Mr. H. 'Tis past retrieve, Sweet heart, — the Fox was too subtle for us; but I am resolv'd to attempt something shall either end my life, or redeem our Estate—

Mrs. H. 'Tis not thereabout yet, Husband, despair not, for I have thought upon a way which I am resolv'd to prosecute, and if it take effect, say once a Woman's undertaking may prosper——and we may be said to share in wit, as well as in your sorrows; but till that opportunity happens, I have a rare old Fool in Limbo, a precious vigorous Lover, of Threescore and odd, who thinks our low fortunes may make me stoop to his unlawful desires—'tis Sir Gregory Love-much——see here what a precious bate his Traps are furnish'd with to catch distressed Virtue.—

Mr. H. 'Tis a rich Ring —— but where have you bestow'd that lump of Leachery and Impotence?——

Mrs. H. In my Closet, —— he's disguis'd like a Porter, do what you please with him—— *[Sir G. makes a noise within, crying out, scat, scat whore—within.]*

Sir G. L. Hell and the Devil, out Cats, out.

Mr. H. What's the matter with him——

Mrs. H. See if you please—— *[Gives him the Key, he opens the Door——slipt aside, Sir G. runs out—a Cat is seen.]*

Sir G. L. Gad take me, Madam, — Is your Husband gone? — a confounded Spawn of the Devil has almost frightened me out of my wits; I wonder what makes people fond of Cats, when their young they are absolute Succubusses, and Witches when old——your Tabby Satan, a Pox on her, has made me impotent with her looks, and I am at present perfectly bewitcht——but I shall return to-morrow, sweet, with

new joys and vigour, when these Charms are ended.

Mrs. *H.* Provided my Cat be not in the way——

Sir *G. L.* True, Madam,———therefore pray let me prevail that Puss and Husband may be decently removed, for the sight of either will make my Ague fit return. ——

Enter Hadland, meets Sir Gregory going out.

Sir *G. L.* Ha ! her Husband, then world farewell, for now I shall be kill'd.

Mr. *H.* How no Sir, what are you ?

Sir *G. L.* A poor fellow, an't please you. ——

Mr. *H.* Stay friend, I must speak with you before you go. ——
Sweet heart——Ha, a Letter, from whence came this? ——

[Snatches the Letter.]

Sir *G. L.* Now welcom Death——he'll discover all——

Mrs. *H.* Nay, prithee Husband restore my Letter agen, 'tis from our Cousin in the City——wou'd have me——

Mr. *H.* How in a man's hand? ——

Sir *G. L.* A Plague on it, that I cou'd not counterfeit a Womans hand——

Mrs. *H.* One of her Apprentices writ it for her——

Mr. *H.* Do not tell me Stories—I partly know the hand, therefore will read it. ——

Mrs. *H.* But there are some secrets in it which she conjures me not to let any one see. ——

Mr. *H.* Yet her Apprentice might write 'em——Now I am resolv'd to read it. ——

Sir *G. L.* Now I am past all hopes, I shall be kill'd for being my own Pimp——Pox on him, he's poor, consequently desperate, and undoubtedly he'll cut my Throat, that he may be hang'd, and be out of his misery.

Mrs. *H.* You see, Sir *Gregory*, what a misfortune your stay has brought upon us. ——

Sir *G. L.* Ay too late, I see Madam——were I well off of this business, the Devil shou'd have Married Wives for me; the very thoughts of their Husbands coming up, does in the midst of Enjoyment pall the appetite so, that half the pleasure's lost.

Mr. *H.* A secret indeed, which you of all the world shou'd have kept from me——Is this the fruits of your pretended sanctity ?

sanctity? are all your admonitions of Patience come to this? must I be made the monster to maintain your lust, ungrateful, false Woman?—this now confirms what I too much have heard abroad, concerning you and Sir *Gregory* that Goat, but I shall spoil the Amore.— [*Sir G. L. endeavours to steal off.*]
 How now Rogue, whether so slyly—this too's the Bawd to that Sir Fifty—but I'll reward you ere you go.—

Mrs. *H.* Upon my knees, I begg—

Mr. *H.* Rise, not a word, out of my sight, go—for fear my passion make me rashly act what I may too late repent of—prepare for the Country to go to your Relations agen—for here, I Vow never to live longer with you, out of my sight—go— [*Exit Mrs. Hadl.*]

Sir *G. L.* Then she's my own, I'll meet her at the Coach when she is to go, take new Lodgings, and give her a false name, and the dear delights of the Town will easily prevail with her to stay and embrace my offer; besides, 'tis the Common practice of divorc't Wives to have Gallants under their Husbands Noses—ha she's gone, I like not his staying.—

Mr. *H.* Now Sir, for your reward, thus I make [*Beats him.*]
 acknowledgment, for I can ne're expect to be out of your debt.

Sir *G. L.* Hold, Sir hold, oh hold, what means your Worship—

Mr. *H.* To pay you for your pains.—

Sir *G. L.* I was paid before I came Sir; there's Porter paid, writ on the Letter, Sir—

Mr. *H.* Now, Sirrah, take this and deliver it to that Dog of a Knight, or I'll cut your Throat—

Sir *G. L.* Lord Sir, do you question it Sir? I am an honourer of your Worships.—

Mr. *H.* Tell him if he meets me not, he must expect to be posted for a Coward—

Sir *G. L.* Gad for give me a Challenge? very fine; what have I got, to day a dry basting, and to morrow must be run through the Lungs— [*Aside.*]

Mr. *H.* Rogue do you grumble—take that to remember you to save your Wind-pipe—

Sir *G. L.* Nouns, I'll do't, I'll do't Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter Mrs. Hadland laughing.

Mrs. *H.* Is he gone?

Mr. *H.* Yes, with a good basting, and a Challenge, which I'll undertake will keep him waking beyond the Cure of *Opium* for this Night——

Enter Noble.

No. Oh Sister, cursed Luck——the Dice and Devil prove my Enemies, my last, last dear stake of ten Guinnies are flown—and now I begin to reflect on our last discourse about the Widow, is your design perfect——

Mrs. *H.* It is——take no care, for I am resolved to set all right,—and Brother, what I can spare, take and try once more, what kindness Fortune will show——

No. Thanks kind Girl——but still my mind runs on this damn'd Widow, no revenge, prithee consider Girl,——

Mrs. *H.* Leave that to my Care——for you are not like to know any thing, till I see I shall succeed——

No. Well, honest Soul, I leave it to thy management; but let each other exchange Prayers for our designs. *[Exit.*

Mrs. *H.* Now for my design, you'll be assisting.

Mr. *H.* I will——

Mrs. *H.* We'll about it then straight——

Wit now perform, what Justice could not do;
All ways are just, when we our Rights pursue.

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Table. House.**Mr. Gazer, Widow, Mr. Noddy.*

Gazer. **W**Elcom, welcom Widow, to a Batchelor's house here, a single man I, but for two or three Maids that I keep.

Wid. Are you double with them sometimes then, Sir,——

Gaz. An exceeding good mourning Wit, by *Capricorn*——

Mr. Nod. I protest Widow y'are a most intolerable profound witty Lady——and so I kifs your paws——

[Scrapes and Cringes.]

Gaz. Well said, Mr. *Noddy*.

Wid. I am oblig'd to you for your Complement, Sir,——

Enter Sir Gregory Lovemuch.

Sir G. L. A curse on *Hadland*, I shall not forget him in haste, *[Shrugs.]*

however I'm for the Widow, and will strike up the Match the sooner, that I may send into the Country for one of her Tenants Daughters—for I must have a bit of young flesh.

Gaz. Sir *Gregory*! You honour me——see our Mistress, keep her Company, whilst I step aside and look after affairs—— *[Exit.]*

Sir G. L. Your Servant Brother Rival —— You see Widow, what power your beauty has to make Rivals Friends and embrace——as thus——Mr. *Noddy*, your Servant.

Noddy. Your Slaves slave, to the third and fourth Generation, Sir *Gregory*.

Wid. Sir *Gregory* you were remiss in your duty to day——

Sir G. L. Your pardon, your pardon Widow——but when, when will the blest day arrive that I shall take possession of my treasure in thee, Widow?

Wid. In a day or two I shall make my Choice Sir *Gregory*, and then?—— *Sir*

Sir G. L. And then to bed Widow, ha Lady bright!——
this *Noddy*'s a very *Afs*, *Gazer* a Gull.——

Wid. A couple of Fops——but Sir *Gregory*!

Sir G. L. I understand you, a kiss for the Conceit sake,
Widow.

Nod. A murrion on him, how my mouth waters——what
a cursed thing is modesty.

Enter Gazer—with his Tenants.

Gaz. If conceit will strike the stroke, have at the Widows
Plumb-tree, I'll put 'em all down for a Banquet, Widow, and
Gentlemen, my Friends and Servants, I make you wait long
here for a Batchelor's pittance——

Wid. Oh Sir, you are pleas'd to be modest——

Gaz. No by my troth Widow, you shall find me otherwise.

*Musick plays softly—Enter Tenants with a Banquet, Twelve Dishes
with six Men, being the Twelve Signs.*

Wid. How's this? the Twelve Months for our Plates, and
the Twelve Signs for our Treat,

Gaz. These are the signs of my Love Widow——

Wid. I am sorry you should be at such Charges, *Sir*, to feast
us a whole Month together——

Gaz. Widow th'art welcome a month, a year, for ever to
me——

Wid. What are those brought in the Banquet?

Gaz. My Tenants they stand for Fasting dayes.

Sir G. L. Or the weeks in Lent.

Gaz. Y'are in the right, *Sir Gregory*, sweet Widow take
your place here at *Aries*, that's the head sign, a Widow is the
head till she is married——

Wid. But married, what is she then?——

Gaz. The middle, the middle Widow——*Sir Gregory Love-*
much, pray sit here at *Taurus*, they say y'are a good Town-Bull.

Sir G. L. Spare your Friends, *Sir*——

Gaz. Mr. *Noddy* don't fall back so——here's *Gemini* for you
Sir; for you had two chopping Boyes by your last Wife——

Noddy.

Noddy. No harm in that, *Sir*, the Widow may like me the better——

Wid. But, *Sir*, methinks your *Signs* are not perfect, your Tenants would do well to help fill the Table——

Gaz. By th' Mafs it's true, Widow——Tenants for once fit down with your Hatts on; but spare the Meat I charge you, as you hope for new Leases, I must make my *Signs* draw out a month yet, with a bit every morning at breakfast, and at *Full Moon* with a whole one; that's restorative, sit round, sit round, and do not speak good Tenants, You may be bold enough, so you eat but little: How like you this, Widow?——

Wid. It shōwes well, *Sir*——

Gaz. By my troth, Widow, I'm sick that day my Table's empty; I wish some Ghest or other to fill that gapp there——

Wid. Indeed the Feet for want of covering may catch cold, and then the head will quickly feel it——

Gaz. Why then you may draw up your Leggs and lye rounder together.

Sir G. L. In troth, Madam, my Neighbour's a Notable Wagg——

Wid. His Witt encreases with his eating.

Enter Mrs. Hadland in Man's Cloaths, comes in singing.

Mrs. Hadland disguis'd like her Serving-man.

Mrs. H. Gentlemen, your Servants.

Gaz. Another Suitor? then *Pisces* will be covered.

Mrs. H. Madam, you'l'e pardon my Intrusion; I heard your mirth, and thought a sober Gentleman might be admitted to partake——

Wid. There needs no excuse, *Sir*, and with that Gentleman's leave I intreat you to sit and do as we do.

Gaz. Young Gentleman pray sit, Y'are heartily welcome by *Ceres*.

Wid. Pray make room for the Gentleman——

Gaz. Sit still Tenants, I'll call in all your Old Leases, and wrack you else.

Mrs. H. Sirrah, Take my Hat and Sword——

Wid. Then *Sir*, you mean he shall sit as he comes?

Gaz. I, and he were a Lord he shall not sit above my Tenants, I'll not have two Lords to 'em; so I may look for my Rent in another man's breeches.

Mrs. H. Gentlemen sit still, I'll disturb no body, but here take my fortune——

[*Sits down at the lower end o'th Table.*]

Gaz. If you love Fish, pray fall too, Sir; had you come sooner, you might hapned among some of the Flesh signs, but now they are all taken up; *Virgo* had bin a good Dish for you, had not one of my Tenants bin somewhat too busie with her.

Mrs. H. I'm extreamly pleas'd with my Fortune here, Sir, 'tis the conceitedst Banquet I ever met with——

Sir G. L. What say you to a bit of *Taurus*?

Mrs. H. The Bull's too rank for me——

Sir G. L. How Sir?

Mrs. H. Too rank, Sir? does it offend you?

Sir G. L. Forbear, or I shall strike you as dumb as your watery Kindred——

Mrs. H. With your heels or horns?

Sir G. L. Perhaps with both——

Mrs. H. It must be when I am asleep then.

Mr. H. It's a brave Girle, and nobly managed. [*Aside.*]

Gaz. Hold Gentlemen, for the sake of Mankind let not the Planets fall out; for if they destroy one another, what a world of abortive births, we shall have——*Sirrah*, run and fetch my Sun Cupp, his Beams shall disperse these clouds of Contention.

Wid. Sir, I make it my request to you, to sit——

Mrs. H. Madam, you are obey'd——

Wid. Each look I take encreases my desires, such charms I never saw before; and shou'd he not be a Servant, my hopes will be all defeated. [*Aside.*]

Gaz. How is't Widow? Gentlemen chear up, fair weather in all Quarters; the Sun will rise anon, I've sent for him—— Oh here he comes—— Sing *sirrah*, sing the Song I gave you.

Enter a Servant with a great Cup like the Sun.

Man sings.

1.

Come fill to the brim, for the Sun does go round,
 And visits the World in a day;
 Our glass is our Sun,
 Through our World he does run,
 And each little drop is a Ray.

2.

As the Sun with his Rayes does ripen the Earth,
 And guild all the World with his Light;
 So powerful Wine
 Our Witts does refine,
 And ripens our Foyes to delight.

Gaz. Now fill it to the Widow——

Wid. What's here a Sun?

Gaz. It does betoken, Madam, a chearful day to some body.

Wid. Gentlemen, my Service to ye all; for ye know the Sun must go through the Twelve Signs—— [She drinks.

Gaz. Most witty Widow, you jump with my Conceit; there's not a hair between us.

Wid. Give it Sir Gregory.

Sir G. L. I am the next through whom the Golden flame must shine, the poor Feet there must wait and cool a while.

Mrs. H. My time will come, Sir——

Gaz. So round it goes——

Fill it him again, Sirrah——

Nodd. Fill't me? why I drank last, Sir.

Gaz. I know you did, but Gemini must drink twice, unless you mean that one of 'em should be choak't.

[Noddy drinks agen.

Nod. Well Mr. *Gazer*, y'are a merry Man——

Wid. Fly from my heart all variable thoughts; she that's entic'd by every pleasing object, shall find small Pleasure, and as little Rest—— [Aside.

Sir Gregory Lovemuch——

Mrs. H. With your pardon, Madam, is this *Sir Gregory Lovemuch*?

Sir G. L. I am, Sir, I dare own my name——

Mrs. H. There's a rank Villain bears that name; are you of that Family, Sir?

Sir G. L. How, Sir?

Mrs. H. Nay Sir, by Heav'n stit still—leave roaring, I intend anon to bait you——

Gaz. Yet agen? if you love me Gentlemen, let's have no roaring here—If I had thought of this, I'd have sent my Bull to the Bear-Garden.

Mrs. H. Sirrah, commend my Love and Service to the Widow, desire her Ladiship to taste that Morsel——

} *Lays Sir G. L. Letter on a Trencher,*
} *and Mrs. H. carries it to the Widow.*

Mr. H. This is the Bitt I watch't for all this while.

—— [Aside.

Sir G. And wherein has this name of mine offended, that you are so liberal of your infamous Titles? I am a stranger to thee, but it must be known Sir, e're we two part——

Mrs. H. And good reason Sir—— I don't intend to end so calmly with you; for my pretious Sir, I design to cut your Throat.

Wid. Oh strike me dead! what's here—this should be your hand, *Sir Gregory*.

Sir G. L. Undoubtedly, 'tis one of the Letters I sent to you, Widow.

Wid. Much good may do ye Gentlemen—— [Rises.

Nod. Niggers, noggers, what ailes the Widow——

Gaz. The Widow paints White, some *Aqua Cælestis* there, quickly——

Wid. Oh Treachery unmatch't, unheard of Villany!

Sir G. How do you, Madam?——

Wid. O impudence! does my Disease ask how I do? can it torment

torment my heart, and look with a fresh colour in my face?

Sir G. What means the Widow?

Gaz. What qualm is this, Madam? I hope my Ram does not stick in your stomach.

Wid. No, but an Old Lecherous Goat, a false Villain does— He that wou'd know a Villain when he meets him, let him look here; Here is a Glass will reflect his perfect Character— Oh thou preserver of my state, pray tell me, Sir, [To Mrs. Low. that I may pay you all my Thanks together, what blessed accident brought that Letter to your hand, which has been long kept secret from me in my Enemies power?

Mrs. H. Please you to retire, Madam, I shall unfold this Riddle—

Wid. Thou Basilisk to Virtue out of my sight, and ne're come near me more— Gentlemen pray come in and partake of a Story which may prove beneficial to you—

{ Mrs. H. Wid.
Exeunt.

Gaz. and Nod. We follow, Madam—

Nod. Niggars, Sir, why don't you budge?— s'heart thrust him out.

Gaz. Out of my dores thou treacherous Fox—

Sir G. All Curses scatter you— [Exit.

Gaz. Do you thunder? if you had staid I'd have made bold to have ript out some of my Bull out of your belly again—

Noddy. Now for the Widow, since the Knight's remov'd, I am resolv'd to get drunk, infuse confidence, be very rude, and then they say a Widow will yield.

Gaz. Come, Brother Rival, let us to the Widow, and learn of her what Treachery this is— [Exeunt.

Mr. H. Thus far my Wifes designs are successful; now to my Charge, I must find out her Brother, and bring him hither to my Wife; what she intends I know not. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE the Second.

Sam.

Sam. My designs work rarely ! well, if I go on and prosper, my Statue, when I dye, shall be set up in Brass with an Inscription, *Here lyes the Machiavel of Love Intreigues*—The two Young Blades are close at it on a wrong scent, whilst the Old Men are ready to dissolve with joy.

Enter Sir Oliver with a Dutch Boy.

Sir O. Oh come, come, are you there, Sir ?—

Sam. Life ! what's the matter now ? [*Aside.*

Sir O. There's a new Reckoning come in since I saw you last.

Sam. Pox on't, I thought all had bin paid, I hate after-reckonings. [*Aside.*

Sir O. Pray come near Sir, let's be acquainted with you—

Sam. You honour me too much, Sir.—

Sir O. Sirrah, Y're impudence is great, nay you have bin bold enough too with my purse abroad, if I am rightly inform'd ; by Gogmagog if it be true, I'll have thee hang'd, drawn and quarter'd.

Sam. Who, I bold with your purse, Sir ?

Sir O. Yes you Sirrah—did not you bring me word about Ten Weeks since, my Wife was dead ?

Sam. Yes, true Sir, very true Sir.

Sir O. Pray stay, Sawce-box, and hear me out ; and did not you likewise say, That with the Money I sent to defray my Wifes Charges, she being, as you did aver, dead, you brought home my Daughter, whom by accident you met with at *Antwerp* ?

Sam. Right as can be, Sir, I never found your Worship in a false Tale yet.

Sir O. I thank you for your good word, Sir ; but I'm like to find your Worship in two at once.

Sam. I should be sorry to hear that, Sir.—

Sir

Sir O. I believe you Sir—within this month my Wife was alive (which a *Dutch* Merchant, Father to this Boy who was just now with me, will justifie), so there's six Weeks of your Ten abated.

Sam. Strange! how men are grown to lying; that it is false, I'll justifie it with my life, Sir: I'm sure, poor Lady, I dropt a Tear over her Grave; so did my Young Master too—if this Merchant were here, I'de tell him to his face that he wears a double Tongue; that is, *Dutch* and *English*—will the Boy say it, Sir?—

Sir O. Yes that he would, could you understand him; for he speaks nothing but *Dutch*.

Sam. All the better, I'll gabble something to him— [*Aside* *Hoiste kaloiste kalooskin se vou, Dar Zun alla gaskin?*

[*To the Boy.*

D. Boy. *Ick wet neat watt bey zackt, Ick unverstou ewe neat.*

Sam. I thought as much—

Sir O. What sayes the Boy?

Sam. He sayes his Father is troubled with an imperfection at one time of the Moon—

Sir O. Does the Boy say so?

Sam. I knew there was something in't—your Wife alive! will you believe all Tales, Sir?

Sir O. But Sir he told me he saw this Wench you brought home, at *Antwerp* in an Inn: he tells me I am plainly couzened, and that she's not my Daughter.

Sam. All's discovered—how Sir, not your Daughter? I must to't again.

Quisquivikin Sadlamara alla pifskickin sows clows, hoff tofte le cumbershaw, bouns bufs boxseeno.

D. Boy. *Ick an sawth no int hein clappon de heeke, I dinke vte zein zennon.*

Sam. Oh ho! *zein zennon!* I thought I should find it out at last; The Boy sayes they never came near *Antwerp*, but a quite contrary way, round about by—*Parma.*

Sir O. What means he by *Zein-Zennon*, *Sam?*

Sam. That is, he saw no such Wench in an Inn; 'tis well I came so opportunely to get it out of the Boy before his Father comes:

comes: pray be wary Sir, the World is subtle, come and pretend a charitable business, merely to work out a piece of money on you.

Sir O. Mass art advis'd of that?

Sam. The Age is cunning, Sir; besides, a *Dutchman* will live upon any ground, and work Butter out of a Thistle.

Sir O. Troth thou sayes true in that; they're the best thrivers in Turneps, Cabidges, and Hartichokes, our *English* are not like 'em.

Sam. Oh fye Sir, whe the Treat that a States-man of *Holland* gives, would either choak or starve an *English* man, dried Stock-fish, pickled Herring, or the like, Sir.——

Sir O. Sam. ask him from whence they came when they came hither.

Sam. That I will, Sir—*Culluaron lagcoso, lageen, lagan, rufft, punkatee.*

D. Boy. *Nime aweigh de cack.*

Sam. What, what? I cannot blame him then.

Sir O. What says he to thee?

Sam. The poor Boy blushes for him, he tells me his Father came from making merry with certain of his Countrey-men, and he's a little steept in *English* Beer; there's no heed to be taken of his Tongue now.

Sir O. Why this is strange, how camest thou by all this? the Devil take me if I heard him speak above three words to you.

Sam. Oh Sir, the *Dutch* is a very wide Language, you shall have Ten *English* words go to the Explaining of one *Dutch*—As for example, *Gulldergoose*—there's a word for you, Master.

Sir O. Why what is that same—*Gull*——*Gull*——*Gulldergoose*, ha?

Sam. The *English* is——*How do you and all your Generation?*

Sir O. Why 'tis impossible, 'tis impossible, man——

Sam. Thus I prove it by the Explanation, Sir,——*Gull*—how do you? *der*, and; *Goose*,—your *Generation*.

Sir O. Methinks the Language is a little sawcey——*Goose*, my generation—quoth a? but firrah, how came you to understand *Dutch* so well?

Sam.

Sam. By going to fetch home my Young Mistress, Sir, we had in our Company a Young Frokin, who taught us it in a trice, Sir.—

Sir O. What in a moneths time?

Sam. I'll undertake, Sir, in a Fortnights time you shall speak as good *Dutch* as any Native of *Holland*, if you would learn, Sir—I shall be tript anon—pox on't wou'd I were fairly off—

[*Aside.*

I'll go seek out your Son, Sir; You shall hear what Thunder he'll bring with him——

Sir O. Do so, for I'll have ye all face to face——

Sam. Cuds me what Else, Sir,——If you take me so near the Net agen, I'll give you leave to wring my Neck off——I am come off fairly: We are undone in *Dutch*, all our Three months Roguery is come over in a Butter-Firkin. [*Exit.*

Sir O. By Gogmagog an intricate bus'ness this; I am so lost between two Tales, I know not which to trust,—The Boy is the likeliest to tell truth; for he is not yet old enough to understand iniquity——but then why should the Father tell me a lie, he gets nothing, certainly expects nothing; but by my troth if he does expect, he gets nothing of me, and so much good may it do him——but however, I'll in and examine the business further——

[*Beckons the Dutch Boy.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Mrs. Hadland and her Man—Husband.

Mrs. H. I Have sent in to the Widow——

Mr. H. Thou plyest thy business close—— the Coast is clear yet——that was a good surprise you put upon Sir *Gregory*——

Mrs. H. I found him the sensiblest Fool of the three to whom the Widow was inclin'd; therefore ought to be remov'd——be sure, Husband, to stand Sentinel, and let me have warning when they come, and I'll rout 'em all——

Mr. H. I'm gone my Witty Sweet——

[*Exit.*

E

Enter

Enter Servant.

Servant. My Lady, Sir, begs your pardon for making you wait, and she will be with you so soon as she has dispatcht some of her Tenants come from *Kent*.

Mrs. H. Thank you Sir, 'tis fit I should attend her leisure.

[Servant Exit.]

Those were my Tenants once, but what relief now; yet e're we part, Widow, I shall have full revenge——Your heart is mine already, and when the whole Cargoe's in my power, I'll hoist my sailes, and with my streams playing in the Aire, make to the blest Harbour of repose——

Enter Mr. Hadland.

Mr. H. Wife, the pair of Fools are come just now lighted out of the Coach,——

Mrs. H. Now to your duty—for I shall deal a little roughly with you, but you must not take it ill; for my obedience is in my Pettycoat Pocket, and not about me at present.

Mr. H. Use me as you please——

Mrs. H. I hear 'em coming—help me a little—Now step back and be very ceremonious—Where be those Fellowes, who looks out there? Is there ne're a Rascal in the way to conduct the Gentlemen in——I find I am like to be finely served among ye, but I shall set a new face on the house e're it be long—how sneakingly do you stand there: but I shall make you flye to receive and execute Commands, before I have done.

*{ She pulls off Hat,
Crevat, Garters,
and makes as if
dressing herself.*

[Beats Mr. H.]

Enter Noddy.

Nod. This is most insupportable! what beating your Man! hold Sir, what mean you?——

*{ Noddy goes to keep
Mrs. H. from beat-
ing, and she beats
him.*

Mrs. H.

Mrs. H. I begg your pardon—Gentlemen your Servant—
Sirrah call your Mistrefs, tell her I wonder she staves so long?
Gentlemen you must pardon Womens frailties, their decking
and trimming themselves, make 'em often commit such rude-
ness.

Nodd. How's this? nay then we are chous'd—and I have
spent both time and money to a fair end—

Star. What a new Lord in the Widows house?—would I
were fairly off; for I'll lay my life he has struck the Widow
in a fair Planet——let me see, let me see——*Venus in Cauda*?
then 'tis too true, for that's a damn'd Leacherous Planet.

Noddy. Sir, Your Servant—— [Offers to go.]

Mrs. H. By my faith you shall not stir till you have seen
Isbel, make haste and desire your Mistrefs to come down——

Mrs. H. She desires to be excus'd, Sir, the Milliner has
brought Gloves to show her——

Star. How plain *Isbel*? Then I know how the world goes;
ay, ay, too true, he has *Isbell'd* her——a Pox on these Wi-
dows, there's no trust in 'em——

Mrs. H. They are gall'd——the Rogues begin to sneak——

Noddy. Come, let us steal off, and take no notice of him;
for he'll jear us to death should we stay——Love is not by desert,
but such fluttering half-witted Hectoring Blades are the only
taking men with you buxome Widows——come away.

Mrs. H. What, Gentlemen are you for the Wine-Cellar?—
Sirrah conduct 'em down, by that time you have drank your
Mornings draught *Isbel* will be ready——

Noddy. Spare your Wine Sir, I beseech you——for since
the Widow is dispos'd of——we have no business here.

Gaz. I'll see the Wine in a Drunkard's shoe first, and drink't
after he has brew'd it——Hang her, let her go, she's fitted
yfaith; a proud domineering young Coxcomb——he'll quickly
rattle her bones, and go to Dice with her Money, or at least
pick up some common Orange-wench, set up her Coach, gay
Cloaths, teach her to confront his Wife, and laugh Modesty
out of Countenance, or I have no skill in Astrology; if he is so
sawcy now to call her plain *Isbel*, she'll be Bitch and Whore be-
fore a Month comes about—— [Noddy and Star Exeunt.]

Mr. H. They have given you the slip——

Mrs. *H.* Hang 'em — there are three rubs past — and now for the Widow. Thus like a younger Brother I'll begin my fortune, put on impudence, talk wantonly, — and ruffle her lustily.

Mr. *H.* But if she should yield, what then —

Mrs. *H.* Well consider'd, to prevent that, you must step in most officiously, and interrupt us — but she's coming —

Mr. *H.* Adieu witty Wife, and I'll be sure to stand Centinel. [Exit.

Enter Widow.

Mrs. *H.* My life, my Dear! [Runs to her and Embraces her.

Widd. I fear I have tired your patience with my long stay. Sir —

Mrs. *H.* Who would not be devout, and out-wait patience, when such a Heaven is the reward — but Widow, y'are indebted to me —

Widd. As how, I pray —

Mrs. *H.* I love you Widow; nay, laugh not, for I expect return, or look to your self, for I'm resolv'd to sue thee in Cupid's Court, and there I know what decree will pass —

Widd. But if I would compound, pray Sir, what will satisfy?

Mrs. *H.* The endless enjoying thy sweet self, Widow, nothing less —

Widd. So by compounding a small Debt I may run into a greater —

Mrs. *H.* Your credit will be the better, there's many a young Blade would give you half the purchase to trust you, — nay, and pay use for it.

Widd. Some of those roaring Bawdy talking young fellows would be idle, were it for such interest.

Mrs. *H.* Then 'tis a match — Come Widow, short service, a kiss and to bed, for I am desperately hungry yfaith —

Widd. Y'are in great haste, Sir —

Mrs. *H.* 'Troth Widow, I have an excellent stomach — and to provoke thine, know, that my kisses are Virgins, embraces perfect, strength solid, love constant, but to come to the point, all extasie, rapture! Widd.

Wid. Since you value your self on your honesty, I'll put you to't Sir,—Will you swear you never knew Woman——

Mrs. H. By all that's good, and by thy sweet self I swear, that never as Man I ever yet knew Woman——but if we do not agree, faith Madam, I expect you keep it secret, for it may spoil my future being; for a sober man is more ridiculous in this Age, then he was priz'd in the last——

Wid. How his mein and wit surprize me——Well, I find I shall love him; for I am very apt to believe what he says——

Mrs. H. Are you considering whether you may believe me or not, Madam——then take altogether——for I add further, that you are the first Widow, Maid, or Wife I ever made love to——

Wid. There's ne'r a Jury of young Women in Town that were to view you, but would be inclined to find you guilty——therefore, Sir, I am apt to believe there is some secret reason, and not Devotion keeps you from it——

Mrs. H. None by Heav'n—I kept it in reserve for thee——

Wid. For Me, Sir?——

Mrs. H. Where can I bestow it better——*[Sings and rumples the Widow.]*

Wid. What means this insolence and rudeness, Sir?

Mrs. H. Fye, Widow, fye, 'tis pleasing violence, that begets delight.

Wid. I'll call my Servants, Sir,——

Mrs. H. Do, and I'll use thee ten times worse even before witness, and then thou art my own Widow——Come, come, dear, sweet, inticeing Widow, we must withdraw——we must yfaith, now, now, or never Widow.

Enter Mr. Hadland.

Mr. H. Does your Worship call?

Mrs. H. Pox on you Dog, are you peeping? *[Throws her Hat at him.]*

Thanks good *Tom*, thou camest in the critical Minute *[Aside.]*

Wid. But Sir, let us breath a while, what Encouragement have I given you to make you thus confident and forward, Sir?——

Mrs.

Mrs. *H.* Love, powerful resistless Love——you see what Mad-men you Women make us——Come, Madam, few words, kind consent and no Ceremonies are most pleasing——

Wid. Well, I cannot withstand, for I begin to grow as impatient as he is, within there who waits?— [*Enter Mr. Hadl.* If Mr. *Gazer* and *Noddy* are below, bring 'em up.——

Mrs. *H.* I've lost my Widow, I fear, there are but two ways that I know, which leads to a Widows bed; they are, Wealth and Impudence——Now if I have took the wrong, how I shall curse my self; here they are, now love if it be thy will. [*Aside.*

Enter Gazer and Noddy.

Wid. Gentlemen, y'are welcom, I am now fully resolved to choose one of ye here, let me see——but first, Mr. *Gazer*, you are a judicious Astrological Person, do the Stars smile to day? if not, I will defer my choice.

Gaz. Let me see —— Oh the best time in the world, Madam; for just now *Mars* being Lord of the Ascendant, is entering into the house of *Venus*——about three Minutes three quarters after Eleven this morning——

Wid. That's well——and Mr. *Noddy*, your judgment of that person walking there, what think you of him.

Nodd. What I think?——Why I think he's well made, has a aiery mein, I believe he has a pretty Judgment, for his Trimmings and Cloaths are not very contemptible——but I believe he's a Whore-master, for he has notable waggish Eyes.

Wid. Then bear all witness, this is the Man whom I have chose to be my Husband——and ye will infinitely oblige me if you come to my Wedding, and so your Servants. [*Exit.*] [*Mrs. H. struts and Sings.*

Nod. } The Devil go with you——
Gaz. }

Gaz. I ne'r suspected my Almanack till now.

Mrs. *H.* Now Gentlemen, I can give you a true invitation and welcom, before 'twas but a flourish; but you see Fortune will be the bold Adventurers friend——

Gaz. That I should over-look this damn'd Eclipse of the Moon,

Moon, which was this morning, tho not visible to us ; but I wish it may have power here, and by a forked Influence, make him beat her, she Cuckold him, he turn her out of Doors, and with her Estate maintain a Whore—— [To Noddy.

Nod. Amen say I,——Sir, your Servant, your Servant.

[Gaz. *Nod. Exeunt.*

Mrs. H. A fair riddance of a brace of Fools.

Mr. H. But see your Brother's come——

Mrs. H. I intend to set his wit to work.

Enter Noble.

Mr. H. Sir, this is my Master.——

Nob. You see, Sir, I have obey'd your Summons sent me by your man, and now I wou'd know your pleasure?

Mrs. H. Thus receive your welcom, Sir,——and now I have a request to you.

Nob. Name it, Sir, if it consists with honour, and within my power you may conclude it granted Sir——

'Tis for your Sisters sake I make it.

Nob. You have named the dearest friend I have, and I can deny nothing is desir'd in her Name.

Mrs. H. 'Tis this, that you would honour my Wedding, which is to be to Morrow, with some small entertainments of your wit——and you are void of all Excuses; for I have been an ear witness of your Sisters frequent commendations of your parts.

Nob. You oblige me with the Injunction; Is it with the Lady of this house you Marry, Sir?——

Mrs. H. The same——

Nob. Then I must recall my promise Sir——

Mrs. H. Your reason,——

Nob. Her last Husband was an extorting Villain, and has undone our Family, and now enjoys what is mine and my Sisters due.

Mrs. H. But Sir, for her sake, comply for once——She shall not know who you are, but shall be obliging to you——and your Sister too to my knowledg will give you thanks.

Nob. You have prevail'd, Sir——

Mrs.

Mrs. *H.* Pray Sir, be pleas'd to walk in, that, I may recommend you to my Wife that must be——

Nob. I wait on you, Sir,——Now if I should in my Sisters absence strike up the Widow——Gad I'll try——and this will be a good opportunity to attempt it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sanders, Clarina.

Sand. Madam, I pity your misfortune, and if there be any thing wherein I can serve you, you may command it.

Cla. You are all obliging, Sir,——My Husband is now below, trying what he can do with his Mother, who is unexpectedly arrived, after being reported to have been dead two years——

Sand. That was a contrivance of my Friend *Santloe's*, occasion'd by your Beauty, which had such an Influence over him, that he ventur'd a Fathers Anger to oblige his Passion——

Enter P. Santlow, Sam.

P. S. Oh friend, Fortune begins once more to smile upon my Actions, and has favour'd me in this last Enterprize beyond my wish——

Sand. As how——Prithee inform us, that we may partake your joys——

P. S. Honest *Sam.*——

Sam. Who helps a lame Dog o're the Stile as well as the best.

P. S. Put me upon perswading my Mother to make my Father believe, that my dear Wife here is my Sister; but the reason she knows not——

Sam. And my Mistress, like a kind overjoy'd Mother to see her white Boy, most readily consented,——so that, Madam, if you at last should not be well gifted by Nature, as the rest of Females are, with Dissimulation, all our designs are spoiled, and you must trudge to *Antwerp* agen; for as sure as death, my old Master will turn ye both out of Doors.——

Cla. 'Tis an hard task for me, however I'll endeavour, what is't I wou'd not undergo, or suffer, for my dear Husband's sake——

P. S.

P. S. They are coming—Now Sweet heart carry thy self—bravely now—and let fortune do her worst—for we are for ever happy.

Sam. I'll withdraw—

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir O. Santlow, Lady Santlow.

Sir O. And have I thee in my Arms agen? Look see, I weep for Joy—had I my Daughter too; but the *Dutch* Merchant told me the thing I have of their bringing over was a Servant in *Antwerp*, and not my Child—

La. S. They cannot deceive me, Sir, let me see her, and I shall soon discover their cheat, if it be one—Now heart hold, and let my tongue for once belye thee— [*Aside.*

P. S. Take courage Love—

Cla. Lais how I tremble!—

Sir O. See there, Sweet heart, what a piece of flesh they have brought me, that is the creature would be my supposed Daughter; but by *Gogmagog*, if she is a Cheat, I'll have her stript and whipt through every Parish, and cross the Seas till she arrives to her old Kitchin at *Antwerp* agen.

La. S. Bless her Eternal Powers! my life, my comfort, and my nine years grief; but now my joyes, thrice welcom to thy Mothers arms, 'tis she, my Daughter—receive your Child, and thank Heaven for her wonderful restoration—

Sir O. What, what's this?

P. S. Kind Mother—I shall love Dissimulation for thy sake, who would not, that heard thee swear, conclude this not Counterfeit.— [*Aside.*

Sir O. My Daughter! it cannot be—no, no, I shall ne'r believe it—

Sam. Down on your knees—

[*Aside to Cla.*

La. S. Rise into my bosom, and receive a Mothers blessing.

Sir O. Soft Wife, soft, have a care how you place your blessing; for the *Dutch* Merchant who came over with you, affirmed, he saw her a Servant at an Inn in *Antwerp*—

La. S. She was so, Sir,—I often saw her there; but seeing she had acquir'd to an honest way of living, I would not disturb her rest by discovering her misfortunes—forgive

me truth, if I abuse thee with a false story, since 'tis to preserve mutual love betwixt an injur'd Father, and beloved Son.

Sir O. Daughter *Clarina*! Let me kiss thee wench—— This unexpected joy has forc't tears, and my heart's so full with this surprize, I know not what to say—— My joys are now compleat, and this days happiness has countervail'd all my past years of sorrow for my long lost dearest Wife, and Daughter——

Mr. *Sanders* here, by *Gogmagog*, the Girl is yours.

Sand. I'm proud of this mighty present, Sir, and thus I hug it as Misers do their Gold.

P. S. I hope, Sir, I may be once more credited.

Sir O. Honest, honest Son, I have wrong'd thy faith; but thou wilt pardon me, I hope; old men are apt to suspect Youth for Wags, that was the reason.

Sam. Now I may securely venture my head out of my Covert. [*Aside.*

Sir O. Where's *Sam.* that honest merry fellow? I must have his pardon too.

Sam. Look you Sir, I am very merciful, good natur'd, and prone to forgive; and to show that I have no malice in my heart, if you have another Wife or Daughter to find, and Money to spend, I shall be very ready to serve you, Sir——

Sir O. Come hither, Sirrah, let me hugg thee, and take my Curse from your Knave's Shoulders.

Sam. For Heav'ns sake do, Sir, I feel it on my blade here, your Curse is at least ten Stone weight, and a pound over, Sir.

Sir O. I'll do thee right Boy, I ne'r knew thee but speak honest *English*, marry in *Dutch*, I found thee a knave lately.

Sam. That was only to hold you in play, Sir, till further proofs came over.

Sir O. By *Gogmagog*, I love a harmless wit with my life—— Well, 'tis my Girl, methinks her Eyes, Nose and Mouth strangely resemble her Mothers there——ay, ay, 'tis she, and there's an end; however I'll try further—— Wife, Wife, prithee now kiss me, do I say—— [*La. S. Kisses him.*

Clarina, be obedient, and come and buss your Father——

[*Kisses her.*

Very

Very good, 'tis so, now I'll swear 'tis she ; for they have both the same way of kissing too ; now Wife, since I find that my Daughter is my Daughter, I'll prosecute my first intention, and this Gentleman shall have her for his Wife.

Sand. I am proud of the honour, Sir,——

Sir O. Observe Wife, observe, he is one that handles his Tongue as well as most men, a very Genteil Person, and as pretty a Spark as e're made love, or kept Miss, I'll say that for him—I'll be sworn by his looks no one wou'd take him for an Eunuch—— [Aside.

Sam. My design succeeds as I cou'd wish—— [Aside.

Sir O. Nay, I have not forgot my Son too, for I have found a Wife for him, it is the Widow *Landwels* Neice, the Daughter of old *Morley* lately dead, her own fortune, it's true, is none of the greatest ; but her Aunt questionless will give her a swingeing Blessing when she dies ; it is the same Maid *Eugenia*, that was Nurst with our *Clarina* ; well, it is a pretty creature by *Gogmagog*, she's a Nosegay of Beauty and sweet Conditions, how say you to't—Boy—ha?——

P. S. The Blessing will be greater than I could ever have expected, Sir,——

La. S. What fortune was this ! that I should come so opportunely to see my happiness compleated in the Marriage of my two Children.

Sir O. Well thought on Wife, I had almost forgot, we are invited to the Widows Wedding, with a bold brisk young Spark that has clapt her on board yfaith——Do you and your Daughter put on your Hoods and Scarfs, and we'll expect you below in the Parlor ; come, Mr. *Sanders*, come along with me—— [Exeunt.

Manent Peter Santloe, *Clarina*, *La. Santloe*, *Sam.*

P. S. Oh Mother, I am so transported with those new Joys, you kindly have created, I know not which way to begin to pay my Duty.

La. S. But Son, the more I look on her, the more thy Sister runs in my mind.

P. S. Perhaps she's like her, that will carry on the Cheat the better, Madam.

La. S. I must examine her——of what Countrey and Parentage are you?

Cla. Of *England*, Madam,——and many are the afflictions I have undergone——so that my Parentage I have forgot——

La. S. If it will not renew your sorrows, give us a small relation of what has past.

Cla. So much as my memory will give me leave——for I was not above seven years old when my Mother carried me beyond Sea, which was about ten years since, with a design to put me into a Nunnery; but by the way to *Antwerp*, we met with Robbers, who stript us, convey'd me from my Mother into a Wood; but they having committed several Outrages, were persued by Soldiers, so they left me, and I wandring about, came at last to *Antwerp*, and was received by the Mistress of an Inn, where I continued a Servant till this Gentleman perswaded me to come to *England*.

La. S. Oh my blest fortune! my dearest Child, thrice welcome to my Arms——

Sam. S'life if this should prove his Sister now—— [Aside.

P. S. Look you Mother, my Father's gone——now you may be plain——

La. S. I am sorry he is—but I'll hast to him to confirm what before I only for your sake averr'd, but did not then know the truth.

P. S. But I hope you are not in earnest Mother, that it is my Sister.

La. S. Witness Heav'n it is your Sister——

P. S. Hold, hold, good Mother——Kill not your Son——Why I am in love with her Mother, and have made her my Wife.

La. S. But now your love must end as to Marriage, and with a Brothers Eyes you must look upon her——Come Daughter, let us go down to your Father, who shall redouble his joys when he shall know the Truth——

Cla. Heav'ns! I love him so, I cou'd wish my self any thing but his Sister——farewel for ever Love, since thus I am deceiv'd in my first desires. [Exeunt.

P. S. My Sister, that Northern blast has nipt my blooming joys——must all my Love, Expence and Constancy,

ay, *Constancy*, *Sam.* be jilted by the resurrection of a long lost Sister.

Sam. A Pox on her, say I, she was ever a cross Brat when she was young, and now she has liv'd in spight to cross your love.

P. S. It cannot be my Sister——for I find no alteration in me, I am in good temper, and my mind's not shook at that dreadful name of Sister——therefore I am certain there is some damn'd riddle in't, which we cannot at present expound.

Sam. To make us wise enough, Sir, let us to the Widows Wedding, drink briskly, and then with nodding gravity unfold this mysterie if it be one.

P. S. Agreed——

Tho Love was cruel, Fortune has bin kind,
Since I, a Sister in a Mistrefs, find.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Gregory Lovemuch, Gazer, Noddy, Noble.

Nob. Come Gentlemen, since you are pleas'd to honour me with acting my little Essay of fancy, please you to retire and dress, for they are ready to enter.

Sir G. Worthy Sir, we follow you——

Nob. I shall attend you within.

[*Exit.*

Gaz. By *Mercury*, a neat contrivance, *Sir Gregory* I applaud your wit.

Noddy. Tis a profound device, an extravagant fancy, and an insupportable design; and *Sir Gregory*, I am in an intolerable Consternation of your *Penicranium*——

Sir G. This will be a brave opportunity to affront her for deceiving us——are all perfect in their parts, Rail and spare not, for that is all that we are like to have for our Expences on the Jilting Widow.

Gaz.

Gaz. I am ready in mine——

Nod. And mine is *in Capite*.

Sir G. Let us in to dress then——Widow, look too't, we'll all your scorns repay.

Gaz. Your Sun of Joys shall be Eclips'd to day.

Nod. Your Market shall be marr'd too, as they say——

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sanders, P. Santloe, Clarina, Eugenia.

P. S. But prithee tell me, art thou in earnest, my Sister?

Cla. So our ill fate will have it, but so much I love, that I cou'd wish I were not.

P. S. Pox on Kindred——like noble Savage, I wou'd range and choose my Mistress where I pleas'd——now must sacred Love be curb'd, and pleasures lost, and all long of dull fantastick Law.

Cla. We must submit, for Reason tells us it wou'd be a Sin, should we pursue our Love——

Sand. Friend, I can but pity thy misfortunes in losing of a Mistress, but must congratulate your Joyes in finding of a Sister. Now, fair *Eugenia*, shall I at last receive the fair reward for all my Constancy? speak kindly, and return my love with yours——and then I'm happy——

P. S. Faith Madam, yield——do not cast away a handsom proper man, for so small a toy; my Sister here has bin more kind to me, than hitherto you have prov'd to him——

Euge. My Aunts to rule my fate, and I must choose a Husband with her liking, I'll make it known to her, and if she approves of it, Heav'n knows, I can enjoy no greater happiness——for without blushing, I confess, I love——

Sand. Oh my kind Saint!

P. S. Sanders, to your Post, see where they come——But do'st hear, prithee do not make love to her, for by Heav'n, tho she's my Sister, I shall grow wondrous Jealous, and consequently quarrellsom.

[*Sand. goes to Cla.*

P. S. to Eug.——

Enter

Enter the Widow as Married to Mrs. Hadland, Sir O. Santloe, Lady Santloe, Mr. Hadland as a Serving-man, and Attendants.

Wid. Come my long wisht for Lady, your happy return is a second feast to me.

Mrs. H. Ye're all most freely welcom —

Sir O. We thank you, Sir —

Mrs. H. But is my Brother, do you say, so much in love with my Widow? *[To Mr. H.]*

Mr. H. I overheard him but now complaining on his destiny that should make him so desperately in love with your Enemy, that I thought he would have rebelled against himself, there's such a mighty feud between the two old Enemies in his Breast, *Love and Honour.*

Mrs. H. Lads poor man—I wish he had my place to day, he is abler than I to perform the duty that belongs to a young Widow.

[Musick Sounds.]

Mrs. H. Come Gentlemen, pray sit—that worthy friend of yours, Madam, is pleased to entertain us for a while, and now I suppose they are ready to enter —

[They seat themselves.]

Enter Noble.

Nob. Madam, here you may before-hand read the Argument of what I do design——Now Love, prove but so kind to inspire her with an equal flame, make her a true Widow, and my young Spark I shall soon graft on your Stock— *[Aside.]*

Wid. Ha, what's here? a Letter inclos'd, this must be conceal'd till a fitter time to be read—— *[Aside.]*
We are oblig'd to you, for this Nights diversion, and shall study a requital——If my young Blade here proves a fashionable keeping Husband, this Gentleman, if his Letter speaks of love, shall not long languish, nor despair——for I like him strangely—— *[Aside.]*
See here, Sir, the Argument is pretty——

Nob.

Nob. Good, she has convey'd the Letter as I cou'd wish,
now half my toyle is over—Madam, they are Entering——
[*Soft Musick.*

Then a thing like a Globe Ascends, Sir Gregory Lovemuch sitting on it, in an habit representing fire——On each side the Stage, ascends Noddy, representing Water, and One representing Earth——Gazer Descends, who represents Air——Noble goes behind Sir Gregory Lovemuch—to prompt him.

Nob. The flame of Zeal——

Sir G. L.———The wicked fire of Lust
Does now spread heat through Water, Air, and Dust.

Nob. Ha! He's out at the beginning——The wheel of Time
[*Behind Gaz.*

Gaz. The Devil set fire on the Distaffe——

Nob. What a Devil means all this?——

[*Aside.*

Sir G. I, that was wont in elder time to pass
For a bright Angel, now am made an Afs,
And so corrupted with the upstart fires
Of hated Avarice and hot desires,
Which in unlawful sheets were kindled first
By forward Girls, false Wives, and Widows lust.
That I, even Fire, who purest Gold did try,
From these base heats, my self can't purifie;
I once was reverenc't, Charity did thaw,
And did keep up the Hospitable Law,
But stead of me, a Bastard heat now burns,
And to supply my Landlord's lust, it turns.
Now Matron *Widow's Leachery* so great
They ne'r consult their years, *but lustful heat*
And wed young Fops that may perform the feat. }

Nob. Heart! Who should this be?——Some Rogue——
but I'll let'em take their swing—and afterwards will be fully
Reveng'd.

Wid. Upon my word, Monsieur Fire is a notable hot Sati-
rical Blade——

Mrs. H. What should my Brother mean to rail so—— [*Aside.*

Gaz.

Gaz. After this heat, you Ladies fat and fair,
 Open your Casements wide, and take in Air;
 But not that Air, false Women make up Oaths with,
 No, nor that Air Gallants perfume their Cloaths with;
 I am that Air that keeps about the Clouds,
 None of my Kindred were smelt out in Crouds;
 Yet somethere are that are my Chief Polluters,
 Widows that falsifie their faiths to Suiters,
 And will give fair words, when the Sign's in *Cancer*,
 But at the next remove a scurvy Answer;
 Come to the poor mens Houses, Eat their Banquet
 With smock-fac't Boy, at Night be toft in Blanket.
 He that believes a Widows word shall fail,
 When *Venus* Gown-skirt sweeps the Dragon's Tail;
 Fair weather the first day she makes to any,
 The second Clowdy, and the third day Rainy;
 The fourth day a great Storm, Lightning and Thunder,
 A Bolt strikes the Suiter, a Boy keeps her under.

Nob. 'Tis so, some Rascal's crept in on purpose to disgrace
 me; but I'm resolv'd they shall share in my disgrace—[*Exit.*

Sir O. S. By *Gog Magog*, a notable sharp Air this, Madam—

Wid. He has perfumed the Room well——

Sam. A man may smell her meaning two Rooms off, tho' his
 Nose wanted reparations——

Mr. H. Prithee step out, and know vvhhat his meaning is,
 is this the Entertainment I promised to my self?——

Mr. H. His love sure has made him mad——but I'll go
 know the Cause—— [Exit.

Noddy. Now Gentiles all, since fire has made ye hot,
 Come bath in me, for I'm a Water-pot:
 Water's my Name, I come your Pipes to fill
 Without the Charge of Water-house, or Mill——
 But first, I will a Widows Cheeks besprinkle,
 Which glow with heat, her lecherous Eyes do twinkle.
 And I'll endeavour too, to lay the dust
 Of Widows hot desires, and boundless lust,
 Then will display her shame——From such as she
 I first took weakness and inconstancy;

I sometimes swell above my banks, and speed,
 Widows are oft with Child before they Wed.
 Where I'm least seen, there my most danger lyes;
 So in those Parts hid most from humane Eyes:
 Her heart, her love, or what may be more close,
 I know no Mercy, she thinks that no loss
 In her poor Gallants, Pyrates thrive in me,
 I help to Cast away, and so does she——

Mrs. H. Curse on his Wit——I am all confusion—— [*Aside.*

A Man. Earth stands for a full point, me ye shou'd hire
 To stop the gaps of Water, Air, and Fire
 Your Husband lov'd me, he lock't me in his Chest,
 I was the only Idol of his Breast.
 Now he is dead——

He shall have Gold, enough to glut his Soul,
 And as for Earth, I'll stop his Cranes throat full.
 With ease a Miser's appetite we please,
 But Lust in Widows, is a damn'd Disease.
 And proves the most insatiate avarice.

Sir G. And now to vex you, Widow, to your face,
 See, once four warring Elements, embrace.

Thunder and Lightning.—Enter five or six like Devils; Water
 and Earth are let down to the middle with two Devils—Fire
 and Air, are carried up half way into the Air, with two
 Devils——

Sir G. }

Gaz. } Help, help, help; Murder—Murder——

Noddy. }

Sir G. Widow, for Heav'n's sake, intercede for us to the
 Devils——

Noddy. Oh law, what will my Mother and Sister say,
 when they hear I am carried away by the Devil.——

Nob. Who are ye, discover your selves then?

Gaz. By Charles's Wain, don't you know me?

Noddy. Why look you, d'ye see, it is I, it is I——

Wid. My old Suiters, we are all oblig'd to you, my Masters,
 you have taken great pains to make your selves Ridi-
 culous——

culous—ha,—ha,—Pray Sir release 'em for my sake—

Nob. You may Command, Madam, let 'em down there—

[*They are Released.*]

All Suit. Thanks good Widow.

Sir G. L. Whe faith since we were to lose you, Madam, we thought losers might have leave to speak, and therefore by offering our Service to this Gentleman, we got this opportunity to speak a little of our minds to you—

Gaz. And I think we have pretty freely, and at our own Costs too; for I owe Money for some of the Painting—but the Planets are sufficient to pay the Painter—

Noddy. If ever I court Widow again for your sake, may I be made a Pissing-post of; well, I find Widows are confounded insupportable witty Devils.

Wid. We are all oblig'd to you, Sir, for this discovery.

Nob. My shame, Madam, urg'd me to contrive some way to discover the Authors of my disgrace—but, Madam, to divert you I have brought a Servant of mine to entertain you with a Dance—

Mrs. H. I am indebted to you for this favour, Sir—Please Gentlemen to walk in and partake of a small Collation, and then, my Dear, we will retire to surfeit on Loves sweets—

All. We follow you, Sir— [Exeunt.]

Manet Noble.

Nob. Curse on ill luck! What a Devil should be become of this Sister of mine, had she not promised to get the Widow for me, I had not slip't the opportunity which now is irrecoverably lost, she's Married! now the Pox or Impotence be his Curse, for I cannot with patience see my self thus chous't—ha—here comes my brisk Bridegroom—good, I have thought on an excellent way, if possible, to retrieve her—I'll wheadle him to drink, make him damnably drunk, so consequently impotent, and a Widow disappointed, turns Devil, will sue a divorce, and then she's mine.—

Enter Mrs. Hadland.

Mrs. H. Oh Sir, most opportunely met—are you alone?—

Nob. Yes, Sir,——Your Pleasure——

Mrs. H. I am come to——cut your Throat.

Nob. How Sir!——cut my Throat, you'l give me a reason, Sir, for it, I hope——

Mrs. H. I saw what amorous glances past between my Wife and you at Dinner, and since too I have discovered that which has rais'd such a Storm within me, that nothing but thy death can restore my former calmness——

Nob. Jealous by this light——I hope he has not met with my Letter I convey'd to the Widow—— [Aside.
Heav'ns Sir, what jealous on the first night!

Mrs. H. I am all rage with jealousy, your Letter, Sir——see there the reason, Villain, and then judg if I can pardon such an injury——Therefore prepare to yield up either Life, or Love——

Nob. Nay, Sir, since you have discovered my passion, then know I do, must, and will love your Widow, nay, dote upon the sight of her, and yet no harm to you, since you possess the wealth, you cannot barr a longing stander by, to wish and sigh, since you know 'tis in vain; therefore I will persist——ah 'tis a charming Creature!

Mrs. H. Hell and Furies! shall I stand tamely still, and hear a fellow boldly to my face proclaim my Infamy!

Nob. A fellow, Sir? Provoke me not, I say provoke me not; if you do, by Heav'n, if possible, I'll cuckold thee before thy face——

Mrs. H. This is beyond all patience, base Villain draw——

Nob. Pish Sir, your little Bodkin frights not me, see I have one can match it——Yet I believe thee Valiant, or such a little whipper-ginnie durst not have been so desperate to have ventur'd on a longing Widow——

Mrs. H. How, Sir, have at thy heart!——

Nob. Good Child, thou art too forward,——reserve thy vigour for another place, it will be little enough, I'll engage——for young, Sir, there can be no comparison between you and I, in love affairs——

Mrs.

Mrs. *H.* How mean you Sir ?

Nob. You may perhaps be well enough for the Theory, to cringe, and whine, and wheadle your self into a Virgins heart ; but a Widows wise discerning Eye must of necessity read here the only man that's fittest for the Practick part—

Mrs. *H.* Heav'ns ! Do but hereafter look upon her with one pleasing glance, and I'll damn thy Soul.

Nob. A Bully in Swadling-clouts by this light, 'tis the youngest Hector I ever met with in my life——a gad, little Squire, were she the great Turk's favourite, I'de look and gaze altho I knew my death should follow, and let me tell thee, had somebody been true to their promise, your fortune had been mine——therefore, little one, you may thank my cross Stars for your good success. A Pox on an absent Sister——

[*Aside.*

Mrs. *H.* How Sir, oblig'd to you ? Oh insupportable ! thou base detracter of my honour, who not only would supplant my love, but blast my reputation, and make me undeserving of a Ladies favour.

Nob. If you come to that point, Sir, what can you boast of, should be so attractive ? I must confess thou appearest a hopeful Stripling, and I question not you have the pretty impertinents of one of your Age, as Dancing, Singing, affected Gestures, be peirtly witty, making bold with every new Play comes out, and extravagantly tawdrey in every new fashion.

Mrs. *H.* Death and the Devil !

Nob. These accomplishments, I must confess, may be very surprizing to a poor young thing of a Boarding-School, who never had love made to her but by her Dancing-Master, or some such fellow.

Mrs. *H.* This is beyond all sufferance—— [*Strives to run at him, he Parries.*

Nob. This won't do——and now, little one, I'll discharge my Conscience, between you and I, I do verily believe, the Widow that was, and your Wife that is, Married you only for a Drudg or Steward of her Estate, while she spends it on pleasures, with such vigorous Blades as my self, and who knows it may be my turn ; which if it be, faith-
I'll,

I'll be very reasonable, and Cuckold thee as seldom as possibly I can——

Mrs. *H.* I'll hear no more; but thus will make a passage to thy Soul, for I swear thy Ruine, Death, Damnation——

Nob. Say you so, then 'tis time to look about——and since you provoke me, little one, know this, that if I kill thee, I swear to marry the Widow the next day——

Mrs. *H.* Thus I prevent thy boasting——
 Nob. *makes up to her with his Sword,*
 dull, dull, Brother, not know your own
 flesh and blood. *Mrs. H. discovers her self.*

Nob. My Sister! I'm all amazement!

Mrs. *H.* Now Sir, what think you of my design?

Nob. Design quotha! 'twas well you discovered your self, or I had spoil'd all;—but I'm a Dog if I understand what you mean?——you are Married——

Mrs. *H.* I am to the Widow, I knew not how to cheat the Parson; but I question not, but to deceive the Widow ere I sleep——

Nob. As how, as how?—I long to hear——

Mrs. *H.* See, my Husband comes with some intelligence——

Nob. Is that my Brother *Hadland*?——

Enter Mr. Hadland.

Mr. *H.* Sir, My Lady is retir'd to her Chamber——

Mrs. *H.* Leave off your distance now, sweet heart, for I have told my Brother all.

Nob. Kind Brother! obliging Sister!——

Mrs. *H.* But Brother, do you like my Widow in earnest?

Nob. Like her! Heav'n's! I love her infinitely! were she not Mistress of a farthing, agad, I believe I should have Married her, there's such an airy sweetness in her face——

Mrs. *H.* Say you so, then along with me, I have one design more, and if that take, we are once more happy——

Nob. Lead on whil'st I follow, and admire thy wit.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Ante-Chamber to the Widows, &c.**Mrs. Hadland sola.*

Mrs. *H.* **T**hus far I am prosperous, Widow, I have not done with you yet ; I have wheadled all her Keys out of her Custody, and in her Closet I found the Writing of my Estate, thou dear, dear Parchment, how I am over-joy'd to hug thee in my Arms once more—the Widow comes —

Enter Widow, undress'd in a Night-Gown.

My life, my Soul, my only joys on Earth, haste, haste to Bed, that I may be compleatly blest'd with an Heav'n of Pleasures and delight.

Wid. Oh let me embrace the mighty Treasure I have this day gain'd ! —

Mrs. *H.* Delay not the Consummation of our bliss, to bed, to bed, my dear, and there we'll surfeit with delights unspeakable.

Wid. I go, but prithee stay not long behind —

Mrs. *H.* I'll be but to my apartment, and undress, then fly to rifle all thy Charms — now, Widow, thou art safe —

[*Wid. Exit.*]

Hist, Brother, are you ready ?

[*Goes to the Door.*]*Enter Noble.*

Nob. Kind Rogue, I am — I cannot avoid laughing to think how surpriz'd the Widow will be, well Girl, I'll endeavour to behave my self so, that she shall have no reason to complain, nor you to repent the trick you have put upon her.

Mrs. *H.* Do that, and I am well pleas'd, I believe I am the first Bridegroom that ever procur'd for his Bride the first Night.

Nob.

Nob. The obliging'st in the world, and the kindest Sister too.

Mrs. H. Away then——be brisk, and disgrace me not.

Nob. Dear, honest, kind, obliging, witty Rogue, adieu——
now for the Widow. [Exit.]

Mrs. H. Widow, y'are caught at last——

Thy Husband's subtleties shall be repaid,

Thus Women are by Women best betray'd. [Exit.]

S C E N E the Second. *The Hall.*

Sir O. Santloe, Sanders, Gazer, Noddy——Sam.

Drinking at a Table.

Sir O. Well done, my friends, put it briskly about——
now the Bride and Bridegroom are preparing for bed, let us
Drink their healths——*Sam.* give me a Glas——*Son Sanders,*
top and bottom to you—— [Drinks.]

Sand. I'll do you reason, Sir——*Mr. Santloe,* the Bride and
Bridegrooms healths.

P. S. *Mr. Gazer*——

Gaz. I'll Pledg you, Sir, tho by *Aries* the Sign is in the
Head with me already, *Mr. Noddy* have at you—— [Drinks.]

Noddy. Ay, ay, let it come, hang Sorrow, it must be
drown'd, I find—— [Drinks half.]

Sir O. Nay, nay, Sir, I'll not bate you an ace of top and
bottom, off with it, off with it for shame, I say again, top and
bottom is my word——

Noddy. Lay aside Indignation, Sir, I'll do't, tho I dye for't,
but yfeck I have so topt and bottom'd it already, I can hardly
breath—— [Drinks it up.]

Sir O. Hye, that's he, that's he——What, *Son Peter,* no
frollick, no frollick, *Sirrah Boy,* be merry, or I'll dis-inherit
thee——Ah, when I was of your Age, and at the Temple, I
was the Cock of all the Jovial Blades in Town——I was always
the Captain of a Temple-Rebellion, broke Benchers heads
with the Temple-pots most dexterously, lye with my Laun-
dress, got her with Bastard, and made her lay it at a Bencher's
door, by *Gogmagog*——

P. S.

P. S. So, so, all will out——now shall I have pious instructions to follow the Example of a sober Father—— [*Aside.*

Sir O. I have beat Watches, have had my head broke, and been in the Compter so often, that it cost your Grandfather above a Hundred pounds one year to cure my broken head, and to ransom me from Limbo——and yet you see, Sirrah, I am a sober discreet man now.——

P. S. Wondrous discreet thus to display your weakness—— [*Aside.*

Sir O. Son *Sanders*, what ne'r a Song in Budget——by *Gogmagog*, this whoring Age has spoil'd all good harmless mirth and Company——All the young fellows now a days single out their Does, and retire as if it were nothing but rutting time with 'em——but in my Days we should not have sat half so long without a Catch or two, and top and bottom going briskly about yfaith——

Sand. Prithee let's have the Song, you made the last drinking bout, and one glass more will lay your Father to rest——

P. S. I have a Song, Sir, which if you please we'll sing——but all must joyn in the *Chorus*.——

Sir O. Yes marry shall they, Sir——and so will I——but first let every one take top and bottom in his hand——

S O N G.

I.

Come troul it away,

We'll drink up the day,

Let none from his standing retire,

We'l Laugh, Drink, and Sing,

And Bacchus's Spring

We'l drain, and our prowess admire.

Cho. We'l Laugh, &c.

2.

Old Age we despise

Whilst Wine we can prize,

And briskly can take off our Glasses;

Wine, life does repair,

And banishes Care,

But Temp'rance wou'd make us all Asses.

Cho. Wine, life, &c.

H

3. Let

3.—
*Let the Pollitick fool
 Live dully by Rule,
 While our Wits we refine in our Liqueur,
 My Soul's in that Wine
 Which puts the Divine
 To a Nonplus, and turns up the Viccar.
 Cho. My Soul's, &c.*

Sir O. Well done yfaith my Lads——and now off with
 top and bottom—— [*All Drink.*
 ho, ho, ho Boys, *Peter* I'll give thee an Hundred pounds a
 year more for this Boy——

P. S. Say, and hold Sir, that you have often done in your
 Glasses; but has forbid the banes when sober——

Sir O. Oh the sweet days of Youth——I have roar'd it in
 my time yfaith——and so topt and bottom'd it, that by *Gog-*
magog we have all bin top heavy before we have parted——
 Now Son *Peter*, ne'r a Jig or Horn-pipe about you? how has
 my Money bin spent at Dancing-School, I pray?——

P. S. He would make me as ridiculous as himself—— [*Aside.*
 Those Dances are quite out of fashion, Sir, and Genteiler are
 now in Mode, *Sarabands*, *Minuets Entries*, and the like——

Sir O. Pox on your hard nam'd Dances and Wine too, they
 never prove good, nor wholsom——but Sirrah, to convince
 you, nothing can be finer than a *Lancashire* Horn-pipe——
 Fidlers strike up—— [*He Dances a Horn-pipe.*

Noddy. I Vow, Sir, 'tis insupportably admirable——

Sir O. Before I left the *Temple*, I was the only Reveller as
 old as I was; I cou'd have footed the Measures, and Danc't
 Horn-pipes with e're a young fellow of 'em all. *Sam*, Give me
 top and bottom——Mr. *Noddy*, my Service to you—— [*Drinks.*

Noddy. Yfeck I'll pledg you—— [*Drinks half.*

S O N G.

I.

Is not John Sanders dead? [*Sir O. Sings.*
And is not his Wife a Whore?
For she will go drunk to bed,
And yet she'l have one Pot more?

*Our Cat is to be hang'd,
And all to be tumbl'd i'th' mire,
For scratching my Wifes Huquiffin,
As she sat by the Fire.*—

Ah, when I was young, I had a thousand such frolicks as these, off with your Liquor man, off with it, I say.

Noddy. Top and bottom, as you say, Sir Oliver, yfecks—
[Drinks off all and falls.

Sir O. So ho, my Boys, who says I am old, see there my conquest over Youth—this Whoring weakens 'em so, they are not able to take of a chirping Cup or two now adays—

P. S. Now *Sam*, thy frolick?

Sam. What grinding of Knives Sir? have at it then—
Knives to Grind, Knives to Grind—
Takes off his Perrinwig, and runs
a Chair before him, like a
Wheel-barrow.

Sir O. How now *Sam*, what art thou frolicking too—

Sam. A Well-willer to mirth Sir, and now you shall see me grind Knives as dexterously with a Chair, as the Fellows in the Street with a Grind-stone—
[He mimicks Grinding.

Sir O. Well done my Lad—Here's something to encourage thee—

Sam. What's here, a *Newgate* Groat, by this Light he's short lived, he is so confounded liberal—ah Sir, this is nothing; I can tumble with any *Bartholomew* Fellow, Run up a Wall like a Cat; but I can act a Breast of Mutton so naturally, that our Cook-Maid the other night had like to have spitted me for one, I did it so to the life—

*Enter Sir Gregory Lovemuch, beaten in by a Maid
with a Spit—*

Sir G. Hold, hold, hold, Murder, Murder—

Maid. Out you old Leacher, invade my Honour?

All. Laugh.

Gaz. Wats the matter, Sir Gregory?

Sir G. I only desir'd a kindness or so, being set agog with

the Widows Marriage, and the Baggage had not only the incivility to deny me; but has most unmercifully chastis'd me too.

Sir O. By *Gogmagog* well enough served, for leaving top and bottom——and old *Letchery* will be catteryauling, tho they are sure to come by the worst.

Enter Mr. Hadland——

Mr. H. For Heav'n's sake, Gentlemen, come to the Bride-Chamber, some accident or other has hapned; for the Bride cries out, and seems by her Speech to be in some strange confusion.

Sir O. It's nothing but her being coy, and yfaith the young Bridegroom seems a man of Mettle, and will put her to't, I'll warrant.

All. What should this mean? [Bride Shreiks.

Sir O. Let us go see, I fear my young Blade's too brisk for her——gently, gently good Youngster, be not so boysterous—— [Shreiks again.

Again, what a stubborn Baggage 'tis——on my life he is ravishing her——let us in and see Gentlemen—— [Exeunt.

SCENE the Last.

*The Widow discovered sitting on a Bed in a Night-Gown,
Noble in Bed, holding her by the Gown.*

Wid. Heav'n protect me! Villain unhand me——

Nob. I say, Widow come to Bed, or I shall grow very angry: for I'm impatient, and will not be delay'd any longer.

Wid. Guard me, ye Powers above! Protect my honour, or I'm lost for ever should my Husband come——

Nob. Whose fault will that be; therefore be speedy, let me antedate my young Squire, and I'll be gone——

Nay, no struggling, but yield quietly——I need not a resistance, for I am all on flame already——not yet? agad persist in stubbornness, and I'll publish it in all places that I have layn with

with thee, no matter whether it be truth or no——and then Lady bright, that trifling title Honour, must be surrender'd; but be kind, and I shall be all silence and obedience——

Wid. I'll rather dye, than yield ——

Nob. Say you so? Then I find I must try strength.

They strive, she gets from him — is going out of the Door. Enter Mrs. Hadland meets her.

Wid. Ha! my Husband! ——

[Stands amazed, and seems disorder'd.]

Mrs. H. What coming for me Widow? This was kindly done——let us to Bed, for now I am ready to perform the Rites of Love.

Wid. What shall I do? undone, for ever wretched—— *[Aside.]*

Mrs. H. What means this strange Confusion!

Wid. Alas, Sir, I'm not well——I was just going to call up my Maid, for some Cordial——Tis but too true, for my Spirits fail me. *[Aside.]*

Mrs. H. Such vain excuses belong to Virgin Modesty, but Widows should know better——then, lay aside this veil, and meet my love with equal flames, that both may be transported into Extasies——

Wid. For ever I am ruin'd—— *[Aside.]*

Mrs. H. Sure y'are the first Widow ever fear'd th'imbraces of a second Husband——Come, come tremble not—but to Bed.

[Leads her to the Bed, opens the Curtain, discovers Noble standing in a Night-Gown upon the Bed——]

Ha! *Noble* here——Hell and the Devil! *[They stand Gazing on one another.]*

Base perfidious Woman, now I see the cause of your disorders, was your Lust so hot you could not stay till the first Night was past?

Wid. Good Sir, hear me——

Mrs. H. May'st thou be for ever dumb, or I deaf, rather than lend an Ear to thy bewitching tongue——Now Sir, how durst you attempt the dishonouring of my Bed? Do you laugh? I shall spoil your mirth——

Nob.

Nob. Who can forbear at such an Idle question——rather Sir, how durst you Marry, and fondly think to preserve such a tempting Creature entirely for your self;—— Sir, where I love, I dare do anything to enjoy; and a Pox on your officious haſt and jealouſie, had you but ſtayed two minutes longer, your buſineſs had been done, and you ne'r the wiſer——

Mrs. H. Confuſion! This to my face?

Nob. Yes, faith Sir, 'twas moſt uncivilly done, and very unlike a Husband to intrude; but I pardon you for once, for I hope in time you will underſtand better——

Mrs. H. Baſe Villain! Did I for this caſt a friend's Arms about thee? gave thee the welcom of a man of Honour? and is this your return of gratitude? Hence, begon, and take that Volume of corrupted Beauty; for henceforth ſhe ſhall be to me like the Book of Fate, for ever claſpt.

Wid. Wretched Woman, was this the promis'd bleſſing of an indulgent Husband! Speak Sir, and clear my Honour, how you got here; for Heav'n be my Witneſs, I was as great a ſtranger to his being here, as you.

Mrs. H. In vain are idle words, out of my doors, for ever I diſcard you from my houſe——

Wid. I find too late your drift, my Wealth (Curſe on it) was the Original of your deſign, take it to ſave my Honour; and what is't I would not give to be rid of ſo baſe a fellow.

Mrs. H. I thank you for my own, ſweet Lady—— but I ſcorn to be out-done in courteſie—— therefore in return, make you this preſent—— provided you'l confirm your Eſtate on me——

[Gives her a Cabinet.

Wid. I will—— what laugh you at my miſery—— [Mrs. H. laughs.

Mrs. H. Faith Widow, you are caught; for know, I am already Married to another——

Wid. How Married to another! I'm all aſtoniſhment: Villain, how durſt you attempt ſo deſperate an act; an act by which your life is forfeited? and queſtion not, but I'll have full revenge for this affront y'ave offer'd me.

Mrs. H. Rail on, 'tis Muſick in my Ears, but faith you are not like to ſtir till we are friends——

Wid. What's your deſign? who are you——

Mrs. H. Come, come, no more queſtions, my deſign was only

only to provide a Husband for thee——how say you to my Friend here, methinks he would make an able Husband for a Widow.

Within. Sir O. So ho, Mr. *Bridegroom* open the Door, and let Sack-poffet enter——

Mrs. H. How say you, Widow, is it a match——or they all enter, and I'll forswear all I have said, and make you infamous to the world——

Nob. And faith so will I, Widow——if you consent not.

Wid. Hold, hold Gentlemen——What shall I do? my Honour this way will be lost——Leave me to my own choice, you know not what then I may do——

Mrs. H. All one for that, Widow, so it must be——

Nob. Or Egad they come——see I am ready to unlock, is it a Bargain?

Wid. Take half my Estate, my House, Goods, any thing, rather than force me to so rash an Act——

Nob. How rash! to Marry an able fellow! this is an affront, I cannot put up; therefore thus I revenge my self——

[*Offers to unlock.*]

Wid. Hold, hold Sir, let me consider but one Minute——

Nob. I'll give thee a looking and a thinking time, that is but fair; for I am certain the more you view me and consider, the more you'll like me——

Within. Sir O. On my Conscience they are reconcil'd, done their business, and fairly turn'd to sleep.——

Mrs. H. Now, Madam, what is it you resolve?

Wid. Not to consent——

Nob. Egad they come then—— [Offers to open the Door.]

Wid. Hold, what are you?——

Nob. No questions, for Conscience sake——

Wid. I yield, I yield——

Nob. Swear then——

Wid. By all that's good, I will be yours——

Nob. Seal it——

[*He Kisses her.*]

Mr. H. Gentlemen, pray enter——

Enter Sir O. Santloe, P. Santloe, Mr. Sanders, Lady Santloe, Clarina, Eugenia, Sir G. Lovemuch, Gazer, Noddy, Attendants. Mr. Hadland without Disguise—

Sir O. What's here, two Bridegrooms? I'll warrant her crying out, was, for want of the Second——

Mrs. H. Gentlemen, bear witness, I here discharge the Widow, from her Marriage with me.——

Sir O. How, parting before ye have bedded? what's the meaning of this?

Mr. H. Some private Reasons, Sir Oliver, which more at leisure you shall know——

Wid. Before these Gentlemen, I take him for my Husband.

Sir G. L. }

Gaz. }

Noddy. }

The Devil give you Joy then——

Mrs. H. See here the transformation——and Widow in a young huffing Bully, see your Friend and Servant *Eliz. Hadland*——

Mr. H. And *Thomas Hadland*, her Serving-man and Husband.

Wid. Am I out-witted by my Enemy then!

Sir O. What a notable frolicking Woman is this! Is she the Bridegroom, and my worshipful Serving-man, are you there?

Mr. H. A poor wrong'd Gentleman, Sir, willing to serve for his own ——

Sir G. L. Pox on her, was it she disgrac'd me at the Treat, I'll steal off before they take notice of me —— [Exit.

Gaz. By *Capricorn*, and so will I —— [Exit.

Noddy. Look you, Madam, d'ye see, I have spent at least Forty Pounds in Cloaths, Coaches, Journeys and so forth, in Courting of you, and since you have chous'd me of your self, I expect satisfaction——which I will have if there be Law——

Wid. Take your course, Sir——

Noddy. So I will, by *Jehosaphat*—— [Exit.

Mrs. H. Now Madam, no more your Enemy, but Sister; for I must call this Gentleman Brother.

Wid. Then my fortune's better than I could have expected, since

since I am assured he is a Gentleman in all respects——and thus all animosities shall cease.——

Sir O. Why, now the Bells they go trim, they go trim—Wife, with this Ladies leave, we'l make no more hours on't; for this is as fine a contracting time, we could have wisht for, and the Parson to morrow shall finish this Nights work, come to the Book, to the Book young men ——

P. S. 'Slid *Sam*, what's to be done now.

Sam. Your Friend and Servant knows no more than the post, Sir——

Sir O. How say you, Madam, is it a match between your Neice and my Son? do't, and I am resolv'd Mr. *Sanders* shall be my Son in Law——

Wid. I freely consent, Sir——

Sir O. Mrs. *Eugenia*, your hand——

Eug. But not my heart, for that is Mr. *Sanders's* —— [*Aside.*

Wid. But with your leave, Sir *Oliver*, I'll joyn 'em——

Sir O. With all my heart, Madam.

Wid. Mr. *Sanders*, take this Lady. [*Gives Eug. to Sanders.*

Sand. Oh, Madam, blest be your goodness for this inestimable treasure.

Sir O. Cuds boddykins, what means she?

Wid. Here Mr. *Santloe*, in a Sister find a wife—— [*Gives Cla. to Santloe.*

P. S. Sure the Widow has dealt with the Devil, or else hath heard of our mutual love, and thus sooths our passions—— [*Aside.*

Sir O. By *Gogmagog*, the Widow's mad——my Son Marry his own Sister! what Riddle is this?

Wid. One of Seventeen years standing, Sir—— You remember my Sister *Morly* Nurs'd your Daughter, who at that time had a Daughter too——

Sir O. What of all this——

Wid. My Sisters fortunes decaying, she gave you her *Eugenia*, and kept your *Clarina* with her self——afterwards fortune smiling on her Husband's industry, she on her Death-bed did reveal this secret, and wisht me when occasion served to make it known——

Sam. Hyeday the Town's our own agen——

P. S. Oh, Madam, this is beyond all president, not to be equal'd——and now Sir, I may with confidence own I was this day Married to my supposed Sister.

Sir O. By *Gogmagog*, you were a desperate Boy; how could you tell but that it was your Sister in earnest?

P. S. Nature was not so dull to let me languish for a Sister, for notwithstanding what my Mother said, yet love retain'd its native heat, and bad me still love on—— Oh my blest Soul—— [To *Cl.*

Sir O. Daughter come into thy Father's arms, see, excess of Joy will make affection melt.

La. S. What tears have I bestow'd on a lost Daughter, yet left her behind me.

Nob. This is beyond all thought surprizing——and now, Girl, since your wit has been the kind director of my Fortunes, with my Widows leave here, freely command whatever's in my power——

Wid. I shall comply with you in every thing.

Mrs. H. I thank you for your obliging offer, and I shall desire nothing more, but the confirmation of that Portion which your rigorous Husband had deceiv'd my Father of, before he dyed——

Wid. Your generosity is so great, I can deny you nothing——consult with your Lawyer, and I shall willingly subscribe to any thing you shall desire——

Mrs. H. } We are oblig'd to you——
Mr. H. }

Sir O. Cudsboddykins, this was a notable waggish trick, and by *Gogmagog*, much like a second Wedding, and I give you joy with all my heart.

Nob. Madam, fear nothing; tho' I have appear'd a wild Debauchee; yet you shall find an Indulgent Husband——and now, Gentlemen, let us in and congratulate each others good success and fortunes.

Thus in the Storms of Fortune you may find,
Where Justice is deficient, Wit proves kind.



Epilogue.

Spoke by Mr. Crosby.

K Nowing too well, Gallants, your natural spight,
We bar your censuring priviledg to Night;
For your Diversion, this was ne'r design'd,
How can our Author then, expect you kind?

Your malice is so great to One unknown
That like the Play, or not, you cry him down,
Who is not one o'th' huffing Wits o'th' Town: }
Nay, your ill natures bare so great a sway,
Often ye Damn, befor you've seen the Play;
Such Bully-Wits, like Butchers should not sit,
Nor be impannell'd at the Bar of Wit;
There's such a Native Cruelty in them,
Without a Consultation they condemn.

Then to Vacation-Customers we sue,
We have our ends to Night, if we've pleas'd you;
Kind Sirs, let not the Criticks of the Town
Awe ye——But let your Judgments be your Own,
Consider well——

Here is no Satire on a Marry'd life,
Nor damn'd Lampoon upon the City-Wife;
No Cheats discover'd of the Man of Trade,
Nor who Gallants your Wives are here display'd, }
Nor your own secret Pleasures too betray'd:
Then Judg the Play, unbias'd may ye be,
And from the snarling Criticks set us free.

JAN 10 1931

